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OCTOBER 1999 • POINT OF VIEW
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IS ANYONE?
...JA KOURNIKOVA

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P.O.V.

FEATURES

51 THE TOP UP & COMERS OF 1999

By Brian Dawson, Liesa Goins, Ben Kaplan, Adam Kleiner, Adam Pitluk and Geoff Van Dyke

P.O.V. selects 50 young stalwarts whose ideas and innovations merit notice. Here's an early look at rising talents.

A Star Is Born StarMedia's founder, Fernando Espuelas: P.O.V.'s 1999 Entrepreneur of the Year.

The Razor's Edge Razorfish's Web mavens: a cut above. **Mailmen** Stamps.com: two entrepreneurs go postal.

Long Way to the End Zone Redskins owner Dan Snyder turned a failed idea into a lucrative touchdown.

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Sure, her interests, looks and smarts matter. But the often-overlooked factor in selecting a mate? Her age.

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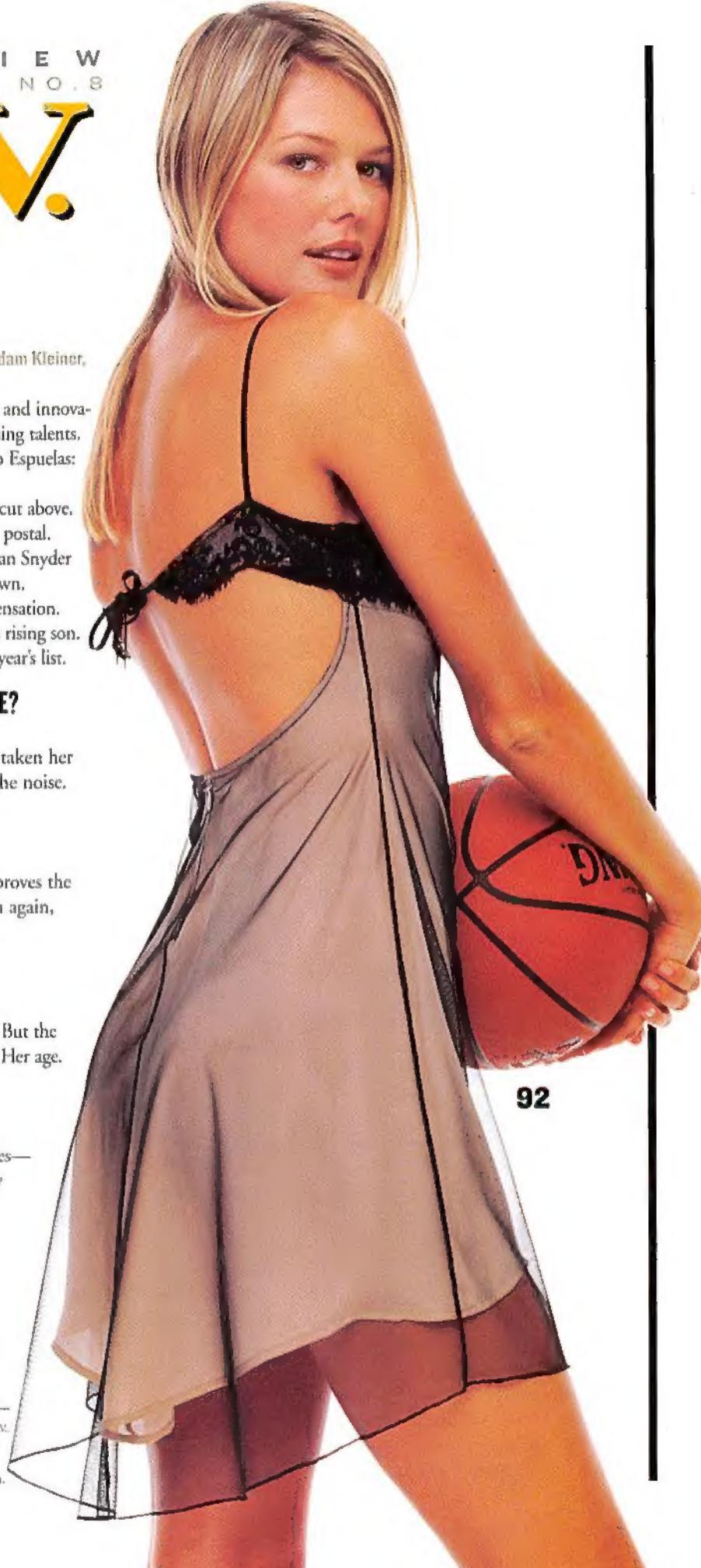
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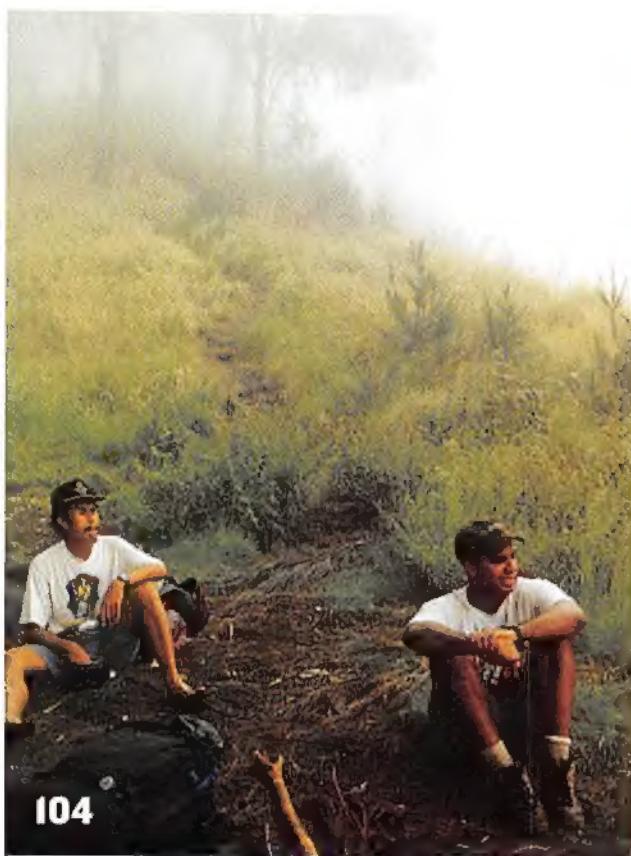
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On the cover: Anna Kournikova photographed exclusively for P.O.V. by Mark Platt. Styled by Joseph De Acetis. Hair and makeup by Dale Johnson for Tiffany Whitford Inc. Dress by BCBG. This page: Photograph by Roger Neve, Lingerie by BCBG Max Azria.





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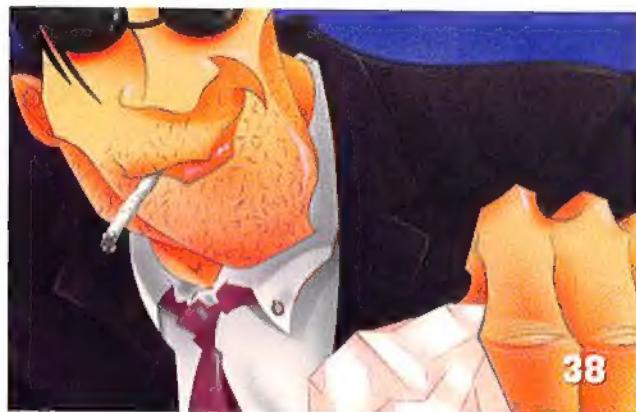
A Peak at Heaven Indonesia's Mount Rinjani offers a grueling ascent to its firmament-scraping summit—and magnificent views once your tired legs get you there.

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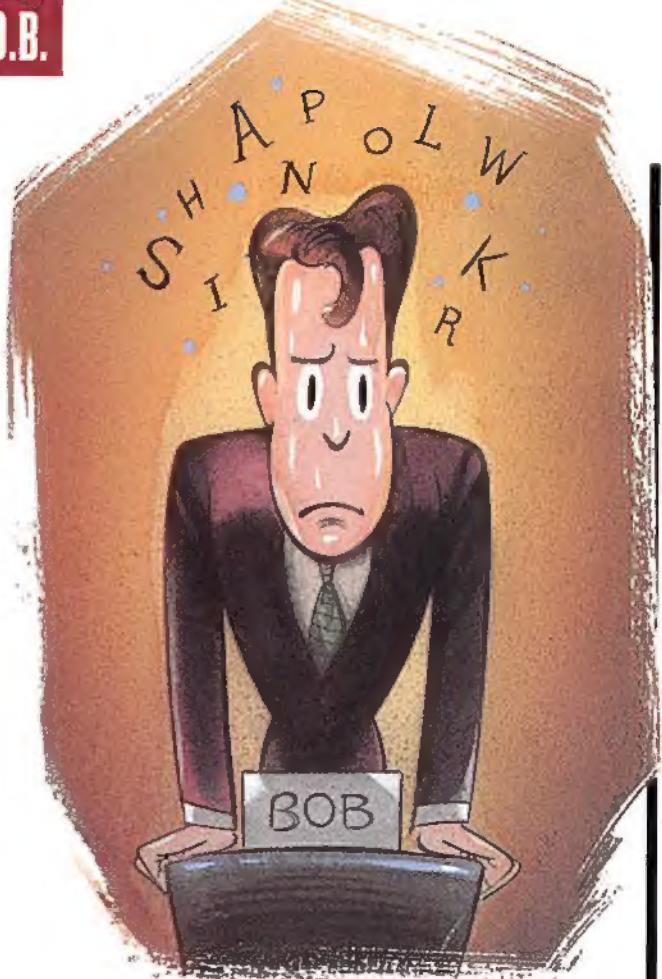
124 THE REAL GIRL

Name That Ticker

The ticker symbol is flashing and you have three seconds to name the company in order to win big bucks. Can you do it? Did you do it? Alright, now how about Double Ticker? To double or lose your winnings, can you spell the ticker for a different company? Yes? You win! How about naming the exchange it's listed on to win a free trip to Tahiti?

Sound crazy? Maybe. But even though this game has yet to hit prime time, I'm guessing it might someday—and maybe even with our own columnist, the Capitalist Pig, as the host. With the ease of getting information over the Internet combined with the financial education of the masses, it seems that we all know a little too much about stock quotes and ticker symbols. It's great to work hard and to take part in the Internet revolution, but sometimes we've got to check to make sure we're not becoming a bit obsessed, on the verge of becoming addicts. So I've created this small game for each of us to determine if we know too much. Here's a mix of several well-known company names and ticker symbols. See if you can fill in the blanks:

Ticker	Company
AMZN	
CDNW	
	Abercrombie & Fitch
	Dell
	Ford
AAPL	
GUC	
ORCL	
	RealNetworks
	The Gap
	Sun Microsystems
SAM	
XMCM	
MSFT	
ZQK	Columbia Sportswear
	Nike
	AOL
CPQ	
HWP	
EGRP	
LAUN	
	iVillage
RL	
	Onsale
LCOS	
TGLO	
	Quokka Sports



Tommy Hilfiger

GTW	
BAMM	
INSP	
TFSM	
CSCO	
	IBM
	EBay
FCST	
PCLN	
SPLN	
DOG	

So how'd you do? Are you ready to be a contestant on the show? Did you get all 40? Or did you have to go online to fill in the blanks? I'm guessing that if you got more than 30, you're probably a little too close to the market (unless you work on Wall Street). It may be time to check yourself into a twelve-step program, or at least take some time and take one of the trips we profile in our Living Large section each issue. Oh, and if you got the last one I'll be very surprised—I made it up. (Fogdog.com should get all over that symbol.) As usual, I welcome your input on how we're doing. Call (212-367-7600), fax (212-367-8289), write or e-mail me (dmassey@povmag.com).

Drew

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Expert Opinions

With 10,000 special-interest magazines out there, we're proudly general-interest, serving all the wants and needs of the young guy on the go. But that doesn't mean our writers are all generalists. No matter the subject, we bring in the experts. Case in point: our new Tech Tools columnist, **ALICE HILL**. She just may be the most qualified person in the country to cover high-tech gadgetry—her day job is editorial director and vice president of development for Cnet, responsible for the bulk of the content for the most definitive tech site in cyberspace. "I think I was employee number 50 there," she recalls. "Everyone laughed at me back then. I was a fool." Now Hill's the one laughing, and it's not just because of the stock options: Cnet registers 8.3 million unique users a month. The 34-year-old is no stranger to the print world, previously holding several top editing jobs at the Ziff-Davis computer magazines, and she'll now bring her know-how to our readers monthly. "I'm fascinated by both the performance of the hardware and what it says about you—the idea of technology as fashion," she says. With Hill on our team, you'll find yourself quite dapper.



Hill

MARC HERMAN also makes his P.O.V. debut this month, with a thoughtful piece on corporate espionage, a growing trade that allows anyone with some computer savvy and gumption to play James Bond. "One little call to the FBI field office in San Francisco led to four months of reporting," says Herman, 30, who has written for *Spin* and *Might*, among others. His story is complemented by another fine illustration by **MICHAEL KLEIN**, whose work won us a prestigious design award last year.

Klein originally studied business at Penn's Wharton School, but decided to chuck it for the life of pen and ink, drawing on old children's books and British rail posters for inspiration. "I may have left a few million dollars behind," shrugs the 38-year-old, whose work also appears regularly in *Newsweek* and the *Wall Street Journal*. "But I really enjoy it—the chance to occasionally do something wonderful."

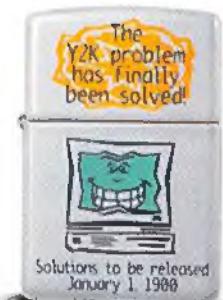
Several of our favorite contributing writers appear this month; I'd like to plug a few exceptional pieces:

- **ALAN SCHWARZ**, who regularly slices through sports for us with flair and insight, trailed three top athletes over six months—the NBA's Allan Houston, the NFL's Rodney Harrison and Major League Baseball's Jason Kendall—at home and on the road. That meant trips to San Diego, Pittsburgh, New York and Philly, generating a lot of frequent-flier miles—and a lot of insight into what it really means to be a professional athlete today. "The Daily Grind" is a terrific read, which begins on page 82.
- If you have fashion questions, there is no one better to answer them than **WOODY HOCHSWENDER**, former *New York Times* style columnist, who returns to our pages to perform just such a service for our readers.
- **HARMON LEON**, our minister of gonzo, outdid himself this month. He created laughably absurd résumés, and then went in search of a job. The wonderful results begin on page 38. This just might be the funniest thing we've ever published, and not simply because of the witty prose—Leon reveals a surreal snapshot of today's America.



Hill

Randal G.
Editor
editor@povmag.com



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zippo Use it to start something.

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CONTRIBUTING WRITERS

Sheri de Borchgrave, Josh Dean, Abby Ellin, John Elsasser, Michael Finkel, Jon Hart, Alice Hill, Woody Hochswender, Jonathan Hoenig, Bob Klapisch, Matt Krantz, Andy Langer, Tommy Leonardi, Jordan Matus, Rudy Maxa, Larry Olmsted, John Rubino, Alan Schwarz, Mark Spouner, Bar Randolph Sugar, Nathan Ward

CONTRIBUTING PHOTOGRAPHERS & ILLUSTRATORS

Roderick Angle, Paul Corio, Andrew Eccles, Bob Eckstein, Steven Freeman, Drew Friedman, Keller & Keller, Pete Kuhns, Mark Matcho, Eric Palma, Mark Platt, Linda Rosier, Stan Shaw

PUBLISHER
Deborah Marcogliese

ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER	Jay Capoccia, (212) 367-7600, ext. 415
NATIONAL SALES MANAGER	Stuart W. Hubbard, ext. 448
ACCOUNT MANAGER	Scott Hammersla, ext. 418
ACCOUNT MANAGER	Lori Blinder, ext. 443
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ACCOUNT MANAGER	Michelle Ball LOS ANGELES (323) 782-9692
ACCOUNT MANAGER	Michelle Weil MIDWEST (312) 245-1278
ACCOUNT MANAGER	Karen Teegarden & Associates DETROIT (248) 642-1773
WESTERN ACCOUNT MANAGER	Matt Stegman (415) 986-1995
ASSISTANT TO THE PRESIDENT	Stacey DaAngelis
ASSISTANT TO THE PUBLISHER	Ria De Borja, ext. 404
SALES ASSISTANTS	Jeff Nicholson Jason McNaughton
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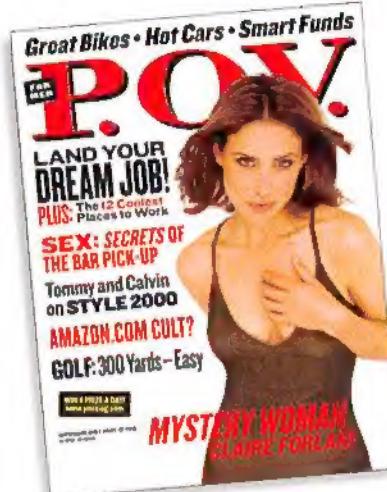
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When Men Attack

LOOK GUYS, I LOVE YOUR MAGAZINE and everybody needs a forum for everything, but you've got to be kidding me with "The Bar Code" (September). This article demonstrates the reason why us normal, unassuming, financially successful, educated gentlemen, (yes, I know, I pat myself on the back a lot, but we are out there) stay single. I don't care, and neither do my friends, if a woman is a cross between Sophia Loren, Meg Ryan, Bo Derek and Cindy Crawford—if she has attitude and expects games, she'll be sitting there all night buying her own drinks and talking about whatever she wants with her friends. I'll take style and character over beauty and pose any day of the week. Pass this along to writer Jennifer Rosen. She and her girlfriends might be surprised to learn that most guys won't play their game. As a matter of fact, a lot of us see these women with the ridiculous attitudes and designer rejections and refuse to even glance their way.

Rafael Sanchez
Los Angeles

Where There's a Will...

I JUST FINISHED READING THE SEPTEMBER issue of P.O.V. and, as usual, enjoyed it thoroughly. The article "Does a Single Guy Really Need a Will?" left me a bit troubled, however. Although I agree with the premise, it leaves the reader with a lasting impression that holographic, or self-written, wills are valid in all states. That's not the case. It

might be true in California, where your main source practices, but if your readers are going to write their own wills, they should make sure their states allow for it.

Stuart C. Morgan
Tacoma, Washington

Car-diac Arrest

I AM AN INDEPENDENT AUTO BROKER and was pleased to read your story on the advantage of purchasing through a broker ("Deals on Wheels," September). There are still other ways than those you mentioned for brokers to locate used cars—and most of them allow you to look at, drive, and even have the vehicle inspected by a mechanic. This is nice because buying a used car can be downright scary at times—there are a lot of wholesalers, body shops and other backyard mechanics buying sal-

POINT OF RETURN...

ALL GROWN UP In November 1997, two young, childless buddies from Stanford Business School started a Web site called BabyCenter (www.babycenter.com). Within a month of that, Matt Glickman and Mark Selcow began penning the first installment of "Start-up Diary," a monthly column that ran in P.O.V. throughout 1998. The idea of the column was to follow a nascent company to success—or to the grave. We're happy to report that in the case of BabyCenter, the final result fell solely toward the former. In July, BabyCenter was acquired by EToys for \$205 million in stock, completing yet another Silicon Valley fairy tale. "The men thought it was hysterical and the women were cynical," laughs Selcow, 34, of the company's early player haters. "That just shows how boxed-in people's thinking is." For EToys, the early leader in the lucrative Internet toy market, BabyCenter offers a ferocious rattle in a segment it had previously ignored. "BabyCenter had the best-known brand for the entire pregnancy experience," says Suki Shattuck, EToys' director of investor relations. Glickman, 33, (who, fittingly, became a dad recently) and Selcow still operate their business semiautonomously. And even with EToys' stock down about 25 percent since the purchase, the pair serve as living proof that success is only one great idea away.



—Ben Kaplan

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ANYTHING
GOES

vaged or junk cars, doing minor repairs and then selling them with clean titles. I have been in the car business for over six years and have seen all of this. It's frightening.

Scott M. Myers
San Diego

Hemingway's Legacy

ALWAYS AT A LOSS WHEN SOMEONE mimics Hemingway ("Man of the Century," August), your homage was greatly fulfilling. His work provides a pattern to live by. Your package topped the glass and prompts me to ask... could you do a Shakespeare primer?

J.R. Edmeston
Rochester, New York

I AM APPALLED THAT YOUR MAGAZINE should pick Ernest Hemingway as the man of the century. Hemingway was an interesting person and a good writer, but a person who is not representative of the great men of the century or millennium. How could you so admire a man whose best ways of coping with life were alcohol, drugs, sex and, eventually, suicide?

Betty Risher
Royal Oak, Michigan

YOUR HEMINGWAY PACKAGE REMINDED me why it's still cool to be a real guy. But then I read later in the same issue advice on how to do laundry, as well as the recipe for the "East L.A. Frozen Margarita." Peaches and melons in a margarita? Shame on you. The margarita has claimed many inventors, but trust me, she was born in Texas. Her Mexican roots are obvious. Her noble history is not that complicated. A real man's margarita does not contain any fruit other than lime. If Hemingway was alive today, and saw laundry tips and fruity beverage recipes in the same book as his prose, he'd punch you guys in the mouth.

Michael Dougan
Seattle

Jumping for Joey

THANK YOU, THANK YOU, THANK YOU! Did I say thank you? I've loved Joey

Lauren Adams ("The Double Life of Joey Lauren Adams," August) since her days on *Top of the Heap* (the failed *Married with Children* spinoff) and it's great to see her on the cover. Each month I'm amazed at how great your publication is, but this one takes the cake. Any chance you could go daily?

James Dunn
Benton, Illinois

Ink-stained Wretch

THANKS FOR THE ARTICLE ON CARING for your clothes ("Clothes Call," August). I learned a few new tips. Now let me share an additional one with your readers: Hair spray will remove ink from your clothes. I don't know how or why—all I know is that it works on ballpoint pen ink and on ink from my fountain pen. Just spray it on and rub it out with another cloth. If you can't get the stain all out, give it another good spritz (just like you would with Spray 'N Wash) and throw the garment in the washing machine. Hope this tip can save at least one good shirt.

Robert Rodrigo
Fort Myers, Florida

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LEADING OFF

NOTES & QUOTES. DEALS & DISH. FLICKS & PICKS.

RHYTHM & MOTION

AN ICON WITH A TWIST

Admit it: as soon as you saw this picture, that damn "for fun it's a wonderful toy" jingle lodged itself in your brain. Don't fight it. Instead, pause a minute and take entrepreneurial inspiration from a guy named Richard James. He's the man who, just over 50 years ago, watched a torsion spring roll around on the deck of a navy ship and saw not a piece of loose metal, but a stair-walking toy that would become one of the best known in kid history. James, by the way, only stuck with the business through 1960, when he found some vague religion, nearly destroyed the Slinky empire and moved to Bolivia. (Lesson: you can be a visionary without being too swift in the follow-through.) His wife, Betty, not only raised their six kids but also saved the company. She retired last year—over three million miles of wire later. —Lou Harry



MICHELE ASZKENASY STYLED BY CARINA LUKAS. HAIR AND MAKEUP BY VERED OFER. BRADLEY CURRY DRESS BY SUSHI.

TICKER The **SLINKY** was used as a makeshift radio antenna by American soldiers in Vietnam....The Village People's "YMCA" is the most frequent-

Q: How Do I Give a Best Man's Toast Without Sounding like a Beer Commercial?

A: The fact that you're already thinking ahead about your toast is proof that you're on the right track. Most of us can probably remember more bad toasts than good ones, and that's a shame. When a roomful of 200 people stand and face you with a glass raised, they—and more importantly, the newlyweds—deserve something more meaningful than, "Roses are red, violets are blue, your wife is so hot, why the hell did she marry you?"

Your toast needs to be witty, articulate and brief. While you compose what you're going to say—this is something you should prepare in advance—remember that a best man's toast should be three things:

APPRECIATIVE. A great salure should show gratitude to the couple being toasted. Thank your best friend or brother and his new wife for inviting you to their lovely wedding and tell them how happy and honored you are to be the best man. You might also make a nice gesture to the bride ("welcome to the family") as well as say something charming to all the parents ("such a happy couple could only have come from wonderful families"). Flattery will get you everywhere in this case.

SENTIMENTAL. You've obviously been asked to stand witness to your bud's marriage for a reason: he considers you his best friend. Why not share with the guests a quip about your friendship by way of a brief anecdote? Think of something

that illustrates your relationship, whether funny, serious or touching. I recently witnessed a best man bring the house to tears with a Little League baseball story. Whatever you decide, keep it clean—and never, never mention the groom's former girlfriends.

GRACEFUL. This has more to do with delivery than with words. We've all seen at least one drunken bozo at a wedding step up to the mike, clear his throat and say something either inaudible, unprintable or so "insider" that only the groom and he knew the joke—inevitably confirmed with a high five. Keep your composure throughout (no hooting or raising the roof) and enunciate your words with cool confidence. Strive to exude warmth and humility (think of Lou Gehrig's farewell) and you'll notice the faces lighting up everywhere in the room. It's OK to be confident, perhaps even cocky, but never obnoxious. Above all, be brief. There's nothing worse than a blowhard telling a story extemporaneously. There's no set rule on length, but if you lose the crowd even for a second, you've blown your mission. Not to mention the adoration of all the bridesmaids.

If you're uncomfortable in front of a crowd, it's acceptable to pull out a small card that you've prepared; just be sure to look at the couple as much as you can while toasting them. If you need further inspiration, pick up Paul Dickson's *Toasts* (Crown Publishers, \$19), which includes 1,500 of the best.

—Anthony Giglio



THE P.O.V. 100 WEB WATCH

MOBILE HOMEPAGES

You're a virtual sort of guy—work, play, the lines get blurred. You use the same computer-based planner both on and off the job; the same address book. Sometimes you work from home, sometimes you play at work. That serves up a dilemma: How do you gain easy access to life's digitally based necessities, from your Web bookmarks to those MP3 files, whether you're at your pad or your office? Enter the all-purpose online file cabinet, a virtual self-storage depot that would make Felix Unger

proud. **Zcentral.com** (www.zcentral.com) and **Visto** (www.visto.com) give you multiple megabytes—twenty from Zcentral, fifteen from Visto—for storing and managing life's details. Need to share a PowerPoint presentation? Forget e-mail attachments, just upload it. Same with the photos Mom wants to see. Or with whatever else pleases you. Add an e-mail account, address book and calendar—all for free, of course—and you've got an offer the mobile man can't refuse.

—Allan Hoffman



PAUL CONNOLY (P.O.V. Q&A)

ly played song at **U.S. WEDDING RECESSIONS**....Harvey Ball of Worcester, Massachusetts, was paid \$45 for his design and has not made a penny



CHRIS HARRIS'S TREE

The Mystery of the Smiley Face



In the past decade, computer users have invented a wide range of ingenious shortcuts that greatly improve communication via e-mail. They have also invented emoticons. Sometimes known as "smiley faces," these punctuation-mark faces are both very useful and trying too hard to be cute—sort of like the Face Family Tree. And to those emoticonophiles who take offense at the new millennium, here's a reminder: we're not LOL at you; we're LOL with you.

PREHISTORY

VARIATIONS ON A THEME

SMILE!

ALL HEAD, NO BODY

SHORT-CUTS

DUBIOUS SIGNS OF PROGRESS

THE KAMA SUTRA

BUDDHA

JOHN THE BAPTIST

THE LAND BRIDGE

MARSUPIALS

BEETHOVEN'S PIANO

MONA LISA

ENEMIES OF VLAD

COPPIECES

ABBOTT AND COSTELLO'S JOKES

THE CHESHIRE CAT

THE GUILLOTINE

PRESIDENTS WITH WIGS

LATIN AMERICA'S REGIMES

CANDID CAMERA

HUMPHREY BOGART

"HOWDY"

ALFRED E. NEUMAN

MIRROR, MIRROR

THE PANAMA CANAL

CORSETS

WARHOL'S MARILYN

THE BEACH BOYS

H.R. PUENSTUF

CIGARETTE HOLDERS

VONNEGUT'S BOOKS



HAVE A

NICE DAY

BUD LIGHT

CUSTOMIZED CAR HONKS

LUCAS'S FILMS



FACES ON MARS

HEADS IN TOWLESS BAR
(NY POST, 1993)

GROOVY

MR. POTATO HEAD
(NOW WITH 25 PARTS)

MONICA LEWINSKY

PROG ROCK



FUTURAMA'S MUSEUM

CALL WAITING

1999



IT'S ALL GOOD

NKOTB

LOL

+

from his famous creation: the **SMILEY FACE**... The spud stud. In 1952, **MR. POTATO HEAD** became the first toy advertised on network television...In

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K2 is a registered trademark of K2 Company.



Let 'em know you're

JOCKEY
BOXERS

K2 Team Riders
Vashon, WA
July 31, 1998

GAMES PEOPLE PLAY

DREAM MACHINE

Until recently, if you wanted to have an out-of-body arcade experience at home, you had to cough up a couple grand for a turbocharged PC and then another couple hundred for a 3-D accelerator card.

Now Sega has reentered the video game ring (a ring dominated by Sony's PlayStation and Nintendo 64) with its \$199 Dreamcast system, which boasts a 128-bit processor, 3-D graphics, surround sound and a 56K modem for rapid-fire online play and Web surfing. Sega also promises an unprecedented 150+ games at launch, with up to 30 titles ready for the holidays. Start with Sonic Adventure, a mind-blowing water world in which Sega's spiky-haired speed demon attempts to outrun a killer whale. Other games to keep a bulging eye out for are NFL 2000 (you can see the mesh on the players' jerseys), NBA 2K (real faces included) and Shenmue, a Jackie Chan-esque dude sans bad dubbing.



Of course, Sony and Nintendo intend to put Sega up against the ropes soon enough by introducing their own next-generation machines next year. But if you're looking for top interactive entertainment for your dollar right now, the Dreamcast is a dream come true. —Mark Spoonauer



SAGE WISDOM

ASK BERT

Bert, I invited someone to a fancy business lunch. His company coins money; my start-up is broke. But I suggested the lunch. Who should pay?

Unless it was understood at the very outset that the lunch was to be expense accounts at ten paces, the treat is on you, since you were the one who extended the invitation. As business is a polite form of larceny built on the belief that "I'll get mine and you'll get yours," chalk it up as an investment, act like a big shot and pay up. After all, it's better to be nouveau than never niche at all.

Bert, the shoe is on the other foot. A girl at work keeps asking me out. No interest here. How do I wiggle out without turning my workplace into a bad situation?

Some women have the idea that since they didn't make the rules, the rules shouldn't apply to them. Obviously the object of your disaffection thinks that the area around the water cooler is the erogenous zone. Tell this equal opportunity harasser that if women are going to behave like men, they should damn well behave like nice ones and stop hitting on you. Or maybe just tell her that you've got a headache—that is, unless she gives good headache.



ROAD RAGE

Don't Tread on Me

It's about time someone developed a true off-road vehicle that can scare the control-top panties off of your average SUV-driving soccer mom. The ISUZU VEHICROSS, which looks like the bastard child of a cross-training sneaker and a rabid wolverine, has got to be the meanest truck to hit American highways since O.J.'s Bronco. But it would be sacrilege to keep this little monster's wheels stuck on the interstate—because it lives to chew dirt. With its 215-horsepower, 3.5-liter V6 engine and incredibly sophisticated suspension system, the VehiCROSS can tear through wild backcountry roads at speeds that would make a cheetah puke, without bouncing off balance. And its Torque-On-Demand four-wheel drive system shifts power from the back wheels to the front wheels as needed, giving you all the performance of rear-wheel drive as well as the surefootedness of four-wheel drive. Granted, at \$28,900 the VehiCROSS is a bit pricey for its small size. Then again, that's almost \$5,000 less than the Buick Riviera it just ran over.

—Glenn Derene



Bert, should I live with my girlfriend before getting married?

Taking on a womb-mate is as much a challenge as taking on a bride. For many, it's a trial run for the bed and boredom of marriage. For others, it's the equivalent of Marriage Anonymous, the sight of the girl of your dreams in curlers, face cream and torn bathrobe enough to cure you of the thought forever. There's no set answer on this one, just one thing you must know: anyone who claims that living together is a fifty-fifty proposition doesn't know the first thing about women. Or percentages, for that matter.

Bert, whiskey, scotch, bourbon—what's the difference? What should I drink?

The word "whiskey" comes from an Irish word meaning "water of life," and describes all liquor distilled from grain—whether it be corn (bourbon) or barley (scotch). Still, when I'm asked, "What's in the glass?" in my little picture on the left, I respond, "Cutty Sark scotch." I prefer scotch because it is the best thing to take for a headache the night before. Whatever you choose, be advised: both look so sober in a glass, so drink only enough to make others interesting.

Have a question that needs answering? Be brave, man! E-mail P.O.V.'s depository of information, Bert Sugar, at bert@povmag.com.

the United States today, there are more than four million UNMARRIED COUPLES LIVING TOGETHER, an eightfold increase since 1960....In April,

TEST DRIVE

Male Chauvinist Pigskins

There are few things better than pickup football in the fall: you, your buddies, a pigskin, a cooler, a few torn knee ligaments. But you can't just toss around any old apple—the wrong ball, after all, can turn you and your pals into fumbling fools.

You need a football befitting a man, a ball that spirals like a debt-laden economy, sheds water like a Sherpa and takes a beating like a good younger brother. So we took today's hottest models out to the local gridiron in search of just such a ball. Here's the instant replay.

—Ty Wanger

<p>It's soft! Nerf are perfect for pretty-boy models who are overly concerned with, like, breaking their noses. You, of course, think a broken nose would probably look kinda cool.</p>	 <p>The Vortex™ T3™ utilizes "transforming tail technology"™ to render it the "farthest flying football."™ Our translation: its tail extends for long throws and retracts for short tosses and handoffs.</p>	<p>None. Just the age-old, standard, composite-leather football that Vince Lombardi and Woody Hayes lusted for. Comes in your choice of two dynamic colors: football brown and football brown.</p>	<p>Those clever folks at Spalding got a bright idea: take the waterproof-leather technology that was developed for Etonic golf shoes and apply it to a football. Presto: one waterproof football.</p>
<p>A wounded duck. Low size-to-heft ratio ensures maximum trajectory of 30 yards. In other words, you just can't fair the thing out—and let's face it, even in football, chicks dig the long ball.</p>	<p>A Scud missile. Sure, we were dubious of all this self-important "technology," but damn if this aerodynamic bugger doesn't fly 75 yards.</p>	 <p>A football. Throw it right—elbow high, palm flicked outward on release—and you'll be rewarded with that perfect, slow-motion NFL Films spiral. Throw it poorly? You shouldn't be playing QB.</p>	<p>The Kate Moss of footballs. Fortunately, this ball's lost the Oprah-like weight swings of others. Spalding claims that this postmodern pigskin absorbs 230 percent less moisture than the Wilson does; all we know is that it works.</p>
<p>Rafael Septian soft, pudgy, patently unsexy.</p>	<p>Impracticality. The ball itself is a mere seven inches long (roughly the size of your hand), too small to be taken seriously as a true piece of sporting equipment.</p>	<p>Desmond Howard fast, thrilling, not quite large enough to play with the big kids.</p>	<p>Slipperiness when wet. The Wilson got as heavy as a medicine ball when we tossed it around in the rain and mud. Rotator-cuff injuries ensued.</p>
<p>At the beach? Maybe. With your three-year-old nephew? Sure. On the field with the follaras? No way.</p>	 <p>Bring it to the field so after the game you can indulge your "I'm Randall Cunningham" fantasies.</p>	<p>Larry Csonka: solid, workmanlike, lying somewhere between outdated and old-school.</p>	<p>Randy Moss: sleek, expensive, actually lives up to the hype.</p>
			 <p>Do you shamelessly lust for every Next New Thing? Of course you do! Buy this ball and take the field with the smug satisfaction of a man who owns only the finest of toys.</p>

shortly after NATO bombs began to fall, Hasbro sent thousands of NERF FOOTBALLS to Kosovar children as part of a charity package....Another stu-

TECH TOOLS

PARADISE BY THE DASHBOARD LIGHTS

As a rule, automobile improvements are usually low-tech fare: more leg room, better seating and the essential, ever-improving cup holder. But that was then. Now, it's time to bring the car up to modern specs with some digital improvements. If you haven't checked in on the high-tech world of auto gadgetry since the cordless car vac, fasten your seatbelts for an excellent new ride.

—Alice Hill



Clarion AutoPC Hands-down the ultimate in driving geekdom, Clarion's AutoPC combines Windows CE and a quality car stereo to make the world's first auto computer. Depending on the add-ons you choose, the AutoPC can translate your car's computer data into driving stats, translate your own voice into meaningful memos and even interface with your PDA to locate entries in your address book as you drive. Part GPS device, part voice-activated command center, the AutoPC not only reads your e-mail aloud to you, it can literally show you the way to San Jose while you sing along. \$1,299, [Clarion, www.autopc.com/index2.html](http://www.autopc.com/index2.html)

CarPlayer.com MP-ROM MP3

audio files are sweeping the Net, but what about taking your music downloads for a ride? The MP-ROM from CarPlayer.com is the first automobile version of MP3 CD player hardware. And unlike the Walkman-style Diamond Rio, the MP-ROM will work with all forms of CD and DVD media, including rewriteable, write-once and read-only versions. It also fits under the dash. \$288.99, [CarPlayer.com, www.carplayer.com](http://www.carplayer.com)



Audiovox Universal Roof Mount Flip-Down Pod TV

Yeah, baby! With a name like that, the flip-down television may start showing up in something other than shrieking family minivans. Audiovox's universal roof mount replaces your car's dome light with a 6.4-inch monitor. Available with a remote control tuner or monitor-only, it will run a trunk-mounted VCR and/or game console for the player in us all. Just try to remember to keep your hands on the wheel. *Pod, VCR and headphones, uninstalled, \$1,200; Audiovox, www.audiovox.com*



THE END IS NEAR

It's a Fad, Fad, Fad World

Day trading, Beanie Babies, men's magazines—American culture rides proudly into the new millennium bubbling over with trends galore. Lest we think we're the only generation with fads that make life worth waking up for, we've ranked five of the finest moments in twentieth-century crazes.

—Ari Jeremiah

5) SMELL-O-VISION In the 1950s, inspired filmmakers and theater owners realized what was missing from movies: smell. In came "scent tracks." Whereas a charging elephant might be thrilling in 3-D, smelling our giant mammal friend proved less exhilarating.

4) BANANA PEEL SMOKING In the mid-sixties, a California newspaper reported that banana peels contained a smokable psychedelic substance; Donovan's 1967 hit "Mellow Yellow" spread the word to the masses. Bananas suddenly vaulted from ordinary yellow fruit to extraordinarily accessible hard drug. The fad continued even after the newspaper admitted the story had been a hoax.

3) BILLY BEER In the seventies, Billy Carter, brother of the President, was full of ideas. Publicly urinating on a wall in Atlanta's airport proved unpopular, but his loftiest inspiration, to mass-produce a low-end beer and name it after himself, was undeniably brilliant. Sure enough, Billy Beer hit the market in 1977. Hordes of collectors snatched up cases of the first-family brew. Then Billy checked into rehab, his beer business died and today a can of unopened Billy Beer is worth, well, peanuts.

2) EDIBLE DIRT In the early 1900s, poor rural southerners were sometimes called "clay eaters." Why? Because they ate clay. Maybe they couldn't afford food or, more likely, they just wondered what the ground tasted like (haven't we all?). Recipes called for vinegar, salt, gentle baking and a whole lot of dirt.

1) ANIMALS OF THE MONTH In 1968, toy manufacturer Creative Playthings, mimicking successful book-of-the-month clubs, unveiled the "Animal of the Month Club." Geared toward children, the club promised a new pet, in the mail, every month. Unfortunately, most of the pets—including toads, snails and gerbils—weren't designed for overnight shipping. Kids didn't seem to like the monthly delivery of dead animals, no matter how cute.



1st BEER FAD. The Pittsburgh Brewing Company once marketed Hop-n-Gator, a "malt cooler" containing Gatorade. 'Tis a fortune: the original press

TUNES

A SOUND RETURN

The death of grunge officially arrived three years ago, when Soundgarden admirably disbanded. Sure, at the time they were still Seattle's most inventive torchbearers and were leaving behind at least two of the nineties' greatest albums, 1991's *Badmotorfinger* and 1994's *Superunknown*. But Soundgarden, like *Seinfeld*, understood the value of leaving on top. Timing, in this business, is everything.

That same sense of timing is what kept Soundgarden's golden throat, **CHRIS CORNELL**, from rushing headfirst into a solo debut. He waited, patiently, for Seattle to become a memory. And now, with *Euphoria Morning*, he's re-created himself—with complex melodies, lush textures and disparate styles that are distinctively un-Soundgarden. The results are gorgeous and bold. For every guitar-driven rocker there's a brilliant curveball, like a swinging R&B ballad or a heart-on-his-sleeve Jeff Buckley tribute. And Cornell's legendary pipes and exquisite delivery are still more than up to the task. In fact, if Soundgarden showcased Cornell as our generation's purest singer, *Euphoria Morning* achieves something bigger still: establishing him as a remarkable singer/songwriter. Grunge is dead. Long live the king of grunge.

—Andy Langer



FLICKS

Pulp Friction



Bryce is just a guy who wanted to get laid—but instead he's going to get screwed. Here's his problem: Bryce (Josh Brolin) is a young college professor who's picked up the alluring Lissa (Reese Witherspoon) at a bar. One thing has led to another and now it turns out Lissa is seriously underage—woops—and accusing Bryce of date rape. He calls his buddy Nick (Alessandro Nivola), who arrives to find Lissa handcuffed to a pool table. "I know this looks bad and I screwed up," Bryce says. "But this chick is going to ruin my life." (And forget about tenure.) So Nick devises a "plan" to alleviate the problem, at which point you probably think you have **BEST LAID PLANS** all figured out. But you, Mr. Smartypants, would be wrong.

Director Mike Barker—who has clearly taken courses at the Quentin Tarantino School of Dramatics—infuses *Best Laid Plans* with plenty of destructive tension and a good sense of rattling suspense. The twisty plot careens from

stolen inheritance money and drug deals gone awry to kidnapping, grand-theft auto, murder, paranoia, greed and shifting loyalties. Characters convene in dingy diners. They drive vintage cars. There's even an interrogation scene in which drug lords torture some

poor fool by spraying soda up his nostrils. Familiar territory? Sure. But once

this plan gets laid, you'll be dying to know who really gets screwed.

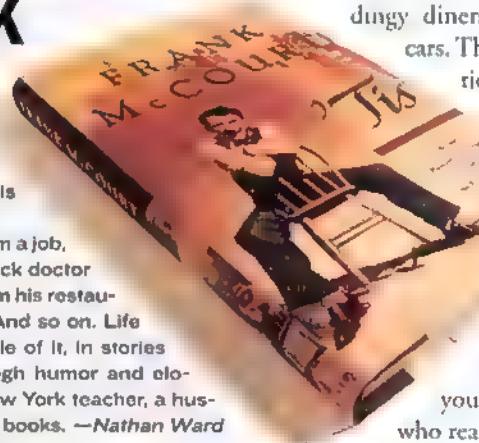
—John Elsasser

READS

Wonderfully Frank

Any guy who ever felt like a lost rube starting out in the big city should read Frank McCourt's remarkable **TIS: A MEMOIR** (Scribner, \$26) and feel lucky. The sequel to *Angela's Ashes*, McCourt's Pulitzer Prize-winning best-seller chronicling his impoverished Irish childhood, *Tis* picks up his story as a young man arriving in New York City in 1949.

A priest onboard his ship tries to grope him but also gets him a job, from which he sends home \$10 of each \$26 paycheck. A quack doctor makes him shave his head for his conjunctivitis, which loses him his restaurant job. The army hauls him, bad eyes and all, to Fort Dix. And so on. Life kicks McCourt around, but he always makes a wonderful tale of it. In stories honed through years of retelling, mastering miseries through humor and eloquence. In the end, the plump young Irishman becomes a New York teacher, a husband, a father and, much too long after, a writer of marvelous books. —Nathan Ward



run for **FRANK MCCOURT**'s *Angela's Ashes* was a mere 27,500. The book subsequently sold more than four million hardcover copies worldwide.

Looking back, I guess it was a sign from heaven that I was supposed to be an entertainment executive. Father Lyne, a priest at St. Matthew's in San Mateo, California, decided to make me choir director and give me creative control. If I didn't like the music prescribed for a Mass, I was allowed to throw it out and score my own. I also had backing: Father Lyne paid \$10 to every choir member who showed up to the two rehearsals I demanded every week. I was fourteen years old.

It sounds more surprising than it really was. The truth is that I had been putting on musical extravaganzas for the neighborhood on my back porch in San

\$5,000 a month. That was incredible money in those days. Needless to say, I was really happy. I had been pulling in \$138 a month at my previous job at a bank—my father now thought I was dealing drugs. The only problem I really had was my weight: I was 240 pounds, and I couldn't show myself in public given that I was being billed as "America's New Romantic Singing Star" on the radio. One day a female fan spied me in the studio and laughed. That was it. I went on a diet, and two years later I was down to 160 pounds.

I was perfectly content when, at 23, I was made an absurd job offer. The singer for Freddy Martin and His Orchestra was leaving and Freddy asked me to join.

It didn't make any practical sense to do it: band members endured long bus rides in the wee hours of every morning, only to arrive at the next city just in time for a few hours of sleep before rehearsal. And the pay was \$150 a week. It was insane. But...

All the celebrities came out to hear Freddy's band: Howard Hughes, Elizabeth Taylor, Ricardo Montalban, Bing Crosby. Singing in Freddy's band meant exposure. It meant performing before live audiences.

So I threw the dice, followed my heart and tossed aside the easy money. For the next 75 days I played in 75 cities. When I did finally wrest a day off, it came in Fargo, North Dakota. I used it to do laundry.

At the end of the tour, we spent quite a bit of time in Los Angeles and began recording songs. It was in 1950, when I was 25, that one of them hit it big. I never cared for the novelty tune, "I've Got a Lovely Bunch of Coconuts," but evidently a lot of other people did: the song rocketed to number eight on the *Billboard* charts. And the girls... Well, the girls went bananas

Wheel of Good Fortune

By trusting his instincts, crooner Merv Griffin turned a lovely bunch of coconuts into a multimedia empire. **BY MERV GRIFFIN**

Mateo since I was four. By the time I was in high school, I was playing piano and singing on special street-corner stages to raise money for World War II bonds. But it wasn't until my eighteenth birthday, on July 6, 1943, that I really received my calling. Literally.

I loved to walk by the railroad tracks near my house and feel the rush of the wind as the trains blasted by on their way south to Hollywood. That day I was wandering along, wondering what I should do with my life. Suddenly, I had a revelation. Not an actual voice, but an eerie, strong feeling. It seemed to tell me, *You will never again be a private person.*

I had no idea where it came from. And at the time, I had no idea what it meant.

A year later, a childhood friend, Cal Tjader, dragged me to a radio station in San Francisco, where he'd heard they had an opening for a piano player. Actually, the program director informed us when we arrived that what they were really looking for was a singer. I turned to leave, but then Cal piped up. "Merv can sing," he said.

I could have killed him right there. Up until that moment, my largest singing audiences had been groups of friends. But I figured, *I'll never see this guy again.* So I sat down to play—and sing. Imagine my amazement when I was hired on the spot to do a fifteen-minute daily program.

By the time I was twenty, I was making

DOUBLE JEOPARDY:
At 25 (right),
Griffin was
crooning for
cash, today
(inset) he's
king of the
game-show
jackpot.



over my coconuts. My fan club turned out every night, led by a perky girl in pig-tails named Carol Burnett.

It was a wonderful time. Through good luck and good timing I had achieved things at the age of 25 I had never imagined. But at the same time, there were dark clouds overhead: the era of the big band was ending, and I knew it was time to change careers.

So I signed a contract with Warner Bros. to do films. But I soon tired of it. I found myself playing mostly small parts, and I hated just sitting around all the time on sets. I missed performing live. I decided to get out of the contract.

And even that took all of my creative doing. I arranged to play a doubles game of tennis with my uncle Elmer—a Hollywood tennis champ—against Jack Warner, the head of Warner Bros., and a friend of his. Warner was notorious for his competitive streak; we assumed that if we could beat him, he would be so mad that he would cancel my contract, which is what I really wanted anyway. We won, 6–1, 6–2. My contract was terminated.

It was 1957, and after a swift climb to success I found myself unemployed at the age of 31. Since I missed the stage, I decided to head there, so I moved to New York. I auditioned for and got a part with the original production of *Finian's Rainbow*. I was thrilled to work on Broadway for the first time.

Shortly thereafter, I had a really crazy notion. At that time, Jack Paar was the host of *The Tonight Show*, and he was the king of talk-show television. I started telling everyone that someday Jack Paar was going to give me a chance to be a guest host of his show. I had no reason for saying it—I'd never even met Jack Paar. But it was just a belief in my inner voice, that same feeling I had at eighteen.

In 1958 I was offered the chance to host a game show called *Play Your Hunch*, which opened the door to my career in television. It wasn't *The Tonight Show*, for sure, but it was a start. I began to develop my own game-show ideas, including a show where contestants got the answers first, and then had to come up with the questions. I called it *Jeopardy!*

Later, I invented another show where contestants had to spin a wheel and then guess word puzzles, like *Hangman*. The show was titled *Wheel of Fortune*, and went on to become the longest-running game show to hold the number-one spot in TV syndication history.

Of course, my true passion was fixed on being Jack Paar, and my chance came in 1962, when *The Merv Griffin Show* debuted. It ran for 24 wonderful years.

Throughout my career the single thing I learned was to follow my heart—and my inner voice—no matter how risky it looked. If you want to be happy, you have to do what you're passionate about. It's the only thing that's going to feel right.

*In 1986, Merv Griffin sold his production company to Coca-Cola for \$250 million and a share of the profits. He is now chairman of the Griffin Group, a billion-dollar empire that encompasses film, television, events and luxury hotels. He continues to serve as executive producer of *Jeopardy!* and *Wheel of Fortune*.*





Résumé for Disaster

Everyone knows the power of a good résumé—but what about the power of a lousy one? HARMON LEON weaves a web of job-hunting lies to uncover just how far bad advertising can get you.

These days, it's damn hard to *not* get hired—or so the theory goes. Employment rates are soaring. Jobs are going wanting. Companies are desperate for good help.

Alright. But what about bad help? How about the woeful job hunters? Can even an ill-qualified idiot with a résumé that stinks like Chernobyl land a gig in today's land of plenty? On behalf of the hapless, huddled masses of the world, I resolved to find out.

GOAL: To see if I can get hired with an outrageously poor résumé.

PREPARATION: One stack of fake ré-

sumés; one white shirt; one tie; one pseudonym: J.J. Evans (Jimmie Walker's character on *Good Times*); one firm handshake; one power of direct eye contact; one minty-fresh breath.

INTERVIEW #1: THE FLAKY-GUY RÉSUMÉ

POSITION: Management trainee for sports promotion company

RÉSUMÉ BLEMISHES: All jobs listed last no longer than two months. One job begins and ends in the same month. My education background lists five colleges in three years. Most intriguing: a mysterious five-year gap between two menial positions.

I walk into a sterile office with a loud radio playing bland Top 40 music and a reception area filled with nervous job applicants. Names are called in groups of three until a bubbly woman eventually calls for a well-dressed man, a well-dressed woman and me, J.J. Evans. We're led into a private office, where Bubbly Woman gives us the spiel. The position is a five-level managerial training program for a company that promotes ski areas in Lake Tahoe. As she talks, I try to utilize the power of direct eye contact that I once read about in *The 7 Habits of Highly Effective People*.

"The key to this job is being a 'people person,'" Bubbly Woman

EXPERIENCE

6/92-7/99	INTERNET SALES For businesses for some
3/99-6/99	ROSE PEST CONTR.
1/99-3/99	USED CAR SALES Putnam Toyota, the
11/98-12/98	OPTICAL BOUTIQUE stuff relating to eyewe...
10/98-10/98	TELMARKETING SALE ballet over the phone
1/93-10/93	SPORTS SALES Sold an manager fired the whole

ADDITIONAL EXPERIENCE

Origami, Bow Hunting

EDUCATION

8/92-8/92	SAN FRANCISCO STATE
1/91-4/91	CITY COLLEGE, San Francisco
7/90-8/90	UC, San Francisco
1/90-3/90	UC, Davis
7/89-12/89	CHICO STATE

announces. "The kind of people we hire are the types who were class clowns, and maybe a little cocky! How do you rate yourself as a 'people person' on a scale of one to ten? Don't be modest."

The question is thrown to Well-Dressed Man, who answers with a modest eight. Hey, she said don't be modest! Then Well-Dressed Woman answers with a ten. Absolutely no modesty there! Bubbly Woman looks over their résumés, asking various questions about their work histories.

"J.J., how do you rate yourself as a 'people person'?"

I pause for dramatic effect.

"Does the scale go higher than ten?!"

I let out the loud laugh of a casino pit boss. She eyeballs my résumé.

"You've sure worked a lot of jobs in the last few months."

"Yeah, I like to jump around. It keeps things exciting." I utilize my direct eye contact skills and attempt to shift into "serious" mode. "Actually, I'm trying to find the right job, which I hope this will be—a place where I get to work...with people!" This answer pleases her. She goes back to my résumé.

"And what did you study in school, J.J.?"

"Oh, I switched around a lot!"

Bubbly Woman wraps up the interview. First she dismisses Well-Dressed Man, hinting at the prospect of being in touch. Then she does the same for Well Dressed Woman. Once they've both left, Bubbly Woman leans forward in her chair.

"J.J., I like your attitude! I want to book you for tomorrow! That way you can see the daily operation and decide if the job is right for you. Be here tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock!"

CONCLUSION: Well do me sideways! My flaky résumé got me hired!

EPILOGUE: The next morning, when Bubbly Woman calls to see why J.J. didn't show up for work, I tell her that he has left the country.

INTERVIEW #2: THE RAPIDLY DETERIORATING RÉSUMÉ

POSITION: Salesman for a bakery supply company

RÉSUMÉ BLEMISHES: My education background says I graduated with a 4.0 GPA in quantitative physics from the University of Cambridge. No problem there. However, my first job is listed as a computer software salesman and my work experience rapidly turns from selling used cars to my current job as a register worker at Kentucky Fried Chicken. At KFC, it says, I'm responsible for "chicken sales."

I call for an interview and I'm given an address that leads me to a doctor's office in the middle of Chinatown. Hmmm. I step inside to find nothing even remotely resembling bakery supplies; just medical equipment. An old man, with a sleeve rolled up, points adamantly to his elbow as he howls something in Chinese to the receptionist. Then he passes gas. I am not making this up.

"Excuse me, I've come for an appointment concerning something 'non-medical,'" I say, making the little quotation marks with my fingers. "Have I come to the

EXPERIENCE

5/93-7/99

KENTUCKY FRIED CHICKEN Was responsible for many counter sales, working directly with the general public with chicken sales, the ability of tracking the churning of money and the maintenance and engineering of the sanitary quality of the facility

USED CAR SALES Responsible for used car sales at Putnam Toyota, the largest Toyota dealer in the Bay area. Worked directly with the public. Specialty in selling the Ram.

11/94-2/95

OPTICAL BOUTIQUE Worked selling eyeglass lenses, frames and other things relating to eyewear. Was responsible for creating leads and selling to distributors in Northern California.

10/92-11/94

COMPUTER SOFTWARE SALES Responsible for selling computer software and hardware and microchips for MicroVirtues Inc., a company in Sunnyvale. Sales included tradeshows and computer dealers around the Bay area.

ADDITIONAL EXPERIENCE

Hand puppetry, mime

EDUCATION

8/88-5/92
UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE, England
Degree in Quantitative Physics, 4.0 GPA

right address?"

"Aah, yes, have seat," says the receptionist. I wait for half an hour, watching sick people come and go. Finally, an extremely tiny Chinese man wearing a stethoscope appears. He is not a midget, per se, yet stands no taller than a child. I follow him into his office, where he explains that he has just started a business for which he needs a salesman. Tiny Doctor studies my résumé as if it is a broken femur.

"Aah, you're from England," he says, noting my Cambridge degree.

"Yes, I am, mate," I say, and proceed to conduct the rest of the interview in a fake, hackneyed British accent.

Tiny Doctor explains the nitty-gritty: "The job involves selling cheesecake. We only sell cheesecake! Also cheesecake products."

I can't help it—I begin to laugh. I realize it's bad form to laugh at your interviewer, but this is just too much. I'm sitting in an office in the middle of Chinatown, being interviewed for a cheesecake sales job by a very tiny doctor! I try to stop laughing by thinking of sad things, like dead puppies.

"That's so funny, because I used to have a job similar to that," I stammer as I attempt to utilize my power of direct eye contact to regain my composure. Tiny Doctor asks how I would apply my used-car-sales techniques to the act of selling cheesecake. Instead of answering that question, I bring the focus back to my current fast-food experience.

"When I'm working at Kentucky Fried Chicken, I try to first gain the

customer's trust. Then, I often suggest they might like to buy extra-crispy or perhaps a little bucket parfait."

"Aah," says Tiny Doctor, glancing at a piece of paper with four names on it. "I have a few more people to interview; I'll give you a call."

EPILOGUE: Tiny Doctor never called.

CONCLUSION: Having a 4.0 GPA from Cambridge ain't worth a damn in the world of cheesecake sales.

EXPERIENCE

8/96-7/98

TELEMARKETING SALES Sold ticket subscriptions to the San Francisco Ballet over the phone. Was top salesman!

7/98-7/98

OPTICAL BOUTIQUE Worked selling glasses and lenses and other things relating to eyewear. Was going to be trained to fit prescriptions but then the manager fired the whole staff.

2/98-7/98

ROSE PEST CONTROL Serviced a pest control route in San Francisco.

11/93-12/93

TOOL SHOP, SAN QUENTIN PRISON Furniture manufacturing, wood carving and furniture staining.

ADDITIONAL EXPERIENCE

Member of the NRA, Marksmanship, Rifle Collecting, Target Shooting, Interpretive Dance.

EDUCATION

5/91-6/93

ARMSTRONG HIGH, General Equivalency Degree

11/91-12/93

HASTINGS CORRECTIONAL FACILITY Business Degree

Disgruntled by the indignity of being so rudely snubbed, I scribble in the line asking to explain my felony charge, "Violent murder. Motherfucker was eyeballing my bitch!" I hand my résumé and application to the receptionist and leave.

EPILOGUE: A few days later, I receive a message on my answering machine: "J.J., this is Virginia from Energy Savers Unlimited. Could you give me a call? I wanted to talk to you to see if you still need work!"

CONCLUSION: Well, do me sideways once again! Apparently, when it says "This will not affect your application," it really means "This will not affect your application." (Note to self: feel free to commit felonies.)

with the Tele-Server1 Phone System," I say.

She drops her voice to a whisper. "What is that?"

I embellish on the Tele-Server1, utilizing my power of direct eye contact. "It's a software that works on your computer screen. If you're working on the Tele-Server1, you can answer the phone by changing screens! You can transfer a call with the click of your mouse!"

"It's amazing what they can do now!" she says, duly impressed.

"The technology changes every day," I say, nodding my head.

"Do you have experience with Lotus or JavaScript?"

"No, but I have plenty of experience with Crownwall 47, which does virtually the same thing!"

Impressed by my knowledge of superior, fictitious software, Smiley Irish Woman suggests that perhaps I'm too highly qualified for the office worker position. Instead, she hands me the phone number of MacTemps—a firm that specializes in placing workers with high-tech backgrounds.

CONCLUSION: Never lie so much on your résumé that you become overqualified for the job.

EPILOGUE: As Meat Loaf might say, two out of four ain't bad. Go figure: I actively tried everything possible to keep from being hired, and I still landed two

INTERVIEW #3: THE RÉSUMÉ OF A CONVICTED FELON

POSITION: Selling window installations over the telephone

RÉSUMÉ BLEMISHES: Three years of experience are listed under "Tool shop, San Quentin Prison."

I'm buzzed into an office resplendent with several framed and dubious-looking "energy-saving awards" on the wall. I get the sense that selling window installations over the phone must be the aluminum-siding scam of the nineties. The receptionist tells me that my interview will be with a woman named Virginia, but that she's still at lunch. She pages Virginia and asks me to fill out an application in a waiting room.

Halfway through the application, I hit the line I've been waiting for: "Have you ever been convicted of a felony?" In parentheses it says, "This will not affect your application." We'll see about that. I check the box marked "Yes."

Ten minutes later, the phone in the room rings; it's Virginia. She apologizes profusely.

"I'm sorry," she says. "I forgot we had an interview. We just hired a guy yesterday, but why don't you put your résumé and application in my box. I'll take a look at it and give you a call next week if the guy doesn't work out."

INTERVIEW #4: THE RÉSUMÉ OF IMAGINARY TECH SKILLS

POSITION: Administrative assistant and data entry for temp agency

RÉSUMÉ BLEMISHES: The majority of my experience involves working with technologies that, unfortunately, don't exist—including the fabled "Crownwall 47 Tech-System" and the "Tele-Server1 Phone System."

I arrive for the interview and hand the receptionist my résumé. She asks me to fill out a form that asks if I'm competent in basic office tech such as JavaScript, Microsoft Word and Windows 95. I answer "no," but I write in the margins about my proficiency in Crownwall 47. When done, I'm corralled into an office by a pleasant, smiley Irish woman.

"What attracted you to our ad?" she asks.

"The fonts. I liked the fonts. Was that done with a Crownwall 47 Tech System?"

She doesn't think so. Looking over my résumé, Smiley Irish Woman asks about my office experience.

"I have a lot of phone experience

ADMIN ASSISTANT Responsible for data entry using Microsoft Word, Intel-Quark300 and Toktron Color Scanner. Also, several office duties and phones for Kishanamurthy & Associates advertising agency.

ADMIN ASSISTANT Responsible for general office duties, including Mac 5.2 word processing, Java Digital 1, Tele Server1 Phones System and data entry on the Crownwall 47 Tech-System, for Ryan-Tech graphics.

INTERNET SALES Responsibilities included selling Internet servers to businesses for MicroVentures, an Internet company in Redwood City. Main focus was on sales of the TRF6 Line Delay System.

› **TELEMARKETING SALES** Sold ticket subscriptions to the San Francisco Ballet over the phone. Was top salesman!

INTERNSHIP With Movie Digital learning various aspects of the Umax system

EXPERIENCE

job offers in one week. So next time you find yourself without work, fear not—there's always a future for an unskilled man who can maintain strong, direct eye contact.

Harmon Leon is a frequent contributor to P.O.V. He last went undercover as a bounty hunter.

Like any avid investor, I love a good tech stock. So when hot stock Jabil Circuit was trading at a very reasonable \$10 a share a while back, I logged onto my broker and clicked into my account. I placed a "limit order" requesting to buy a handful of shares at a price of no more than \$10. Unbeknownst to me, though, my request didn't

Let's get one thing clear right off the bat: no matter which broker you sign on with, you're going to encounter at least a few problems with speed and reliability. Even name-brand behemoth Charles Schwab suffers the occasional outage. I was one of the unlucky few who got his wings clipped during last October's market dip because of Schwab's some-

subjected to what seemed like hours of an Enya-accompanied holding pattern. I finally hung up. The message wasn't exactly subtle: "We don't really want to talk to you." Some online brokers go out of their way to dissuade you from calling. Fidelity actually sent letters to its most avid customer-service callers suggesting that they search for answers to their questions on the Fidelity Web site whenever possible. This is unacceptable. When your hard-earned cash is on the line, you should demand prompt, accurate and, most importantly, live hand-holding. After you've made a list of potential brokers, call them. If any of them make you listen to more than a minute of Enya, cross them off your list.

One of my favorites when it comes to friendly support is Muriel Siebert & Co., a brokerage run by the legendary Muriel Siebert, the first female member of the New York Stock Exchange. Siebert's customer-service folks offer all the telephone assistance you need. Even better, the firm backs up every trade with a complete service guarantee. The site is also the most stable of any that I tried, albeit with slightly higher commissions.

Higher commissions? Yep. Believe it or not, in the perilous world of online stock trading, cheaper is not necessarily better. Take E-

Go for Broker

Before you jump onto the cyberinvesting bandwagon, remember the infamous words of Gordon Gekko: "Sheep get slaughtered." To avoid getting fleeced, you must choose your Web broker wisely. **BY JONATHAN HOENIG**

travel through cyberspace fast enough, the stock leaped past my limit price, and I was left empty-handed. By the time I discovered what had happened, I had missed out on several thousand dollars of potential profit; that stock now trades at around \$42 a share.

These days, the Web debuts a new discount brokerage firm about as frequently as Shaq bricks a free-throw. This is great news: you can now trade 1,000 shares of stock for less than it costs to go to a movie. But as was the case with the early days of television, technical difficulties abound. What's more, the selection of services—not to mention the commissions—vary wildly from one broker to the next, which can make choosing one a mighty daunting task. "You need to be concerned not just with commissions, but also with financial planning tools, screening tools, mutual fund availability, real-time quotes and all of the other products a broker might offer," says Daniel Burke, a senior brokerage analyst at Gomez Advisors, which tracks Internet brokers. I test-drove several Web brokers. What I learned was enlightening.

times slow Web page. That's why one of the primary features you should look for in your broker is the ability to trade stocks over the phone as a backup. Sir Charles is kind enough to offer that.

In fact, when it comes to phone support, Schwab is one of the best in the business. If you have a question about your account, you can call the toll-free number and you'll get right through to a very knowledgeable support person. On the other end of the customer-service scale is Suretrade. I found its site to be comprehensive and user-friendly, but when I called the company's Rhode Island headquarters, I was



Trade. It was a Web-trading pioneer, with a user-friendly site that features the aptly named "Power E-Trade" research area and reasonable commissions of \$14.95 to \$19.95 for stock trading. But it comes with some trade-offs—spotty customer service and occasional system problems.

If there's any online broker that offers an ideal balance of reasonable fees and good service, it would have to be Ameritrade. Its site is remarkably intuitive; it offers a variety of research tools and its customer-service people are easily accessible. If you do all your trading online, you'll pay only \$8 a trade. And Ameritrade really shines when it comes to mutual funds: the company boasts a large selection for a reasonable commission of a flat \$18 for no-load funds (there's no commission on load funds). A close contender is Waterhouse Securities, which charges \$12 to \$18 a trade and offers an excellent selection of investment tools and mutual funds. .

No matter which broker you choose, watch out for excessive fees. Ameritrade charges an extra \$5 for stop, limit or stop-loss orders. You can probably live with that, but check out Fidelity's policy: if you have a balance of less than \$30,000 and margin interest of less than \$100, you have to make at least two trades a year to avoid getting slammed with a quarterly inactivity fee of \$15.

Despite occasional infractions like Fidelity's fees, the face of online trad-

THE FAB FIVE

Looking for a Web broker that offers personalized, prompt and professional service? Check out these strong contenders.

NAME: Ameritrade (www.ameritrade.com)

WHAT YOU'LL PAY: \$8 per Web trade; \$12 per touch-tone trade; \$18 per phone trade with a live broker

WHAT YOU'LL GET: User-friendly site, huge selection of mutual funds, among the lowest commissions available

WHAT YOU'LL HAVE TO PUT UP WITH: No access to IPOs and a lack of long-term planning tools

NAME: Charles Schwab (www.schwab.com)

WHAT YOU'LL PAY: \$29.95 per trade up to 1,000 shares, \$.03 per share thereafter; \$39 per phone trade

WHAT YOU'LL GET: Exceptional customer service, plus plenty of user-friendly tools for investment strategizing, retirement planning, tax planning and more

WHAT YOU'LL HAVE TO PUT UP WITH: Sky-high commissions—the price of service that can't be beat

NAME: DLJ Direct (www.dljdirect.com)

WHAT YOU'LL PAY: \$20 per trade via Web or phone

up to 1,000 shares, \$.02 per share thereafter

WHAT YOU'LL GET: One of the most user-friendly sites out there, which includes an exceptional bond center

WHAT YOU'LL HAVE TO PUT UP WITH: It's not as big as many of its competitors are on such extras as tutorials, calculators and tax planning tools

NAME: Siebert (www.siebertnet.com)

WHAT YOU'LL PAY: \$14.95 per trade up to 1,000 shares, \$.02 per share thereafter

WHAT YOU'LL GET: Very personal service, chat and bulletin boards and commission discounts if you refer your friends

WHAT YOU'LL HAVE TO PUT UP WITH: No access for Mac users

NAME: Waterhouse (www.waterhouse.com)

WHAT YOU'LL PAY: \$12 per trade up to 5,000 shares, \$.01 per share thereafter; \$35 for touch-tone trades; \$45 per phone trade with a live broker

WHAT YOU'LL GET: Portfolio planning tools, IRA calculators, plus free check-writing and ATM/Visa card

WHAT YOU'LL HAVE TO PUT UP WITH: The phone agents could improve when it comes to responsiveness

 For links to these great web brokers, click to www.pcmag.com.

ing is brightening rapidly. "Over the past few months, we've seen an improvement in both uptime and performance," Burke says. "Many problems are now being addressed." Hallelujah! I eventually sold what stocks I had in my current account and withdrew everything but the last \$27. I so dreaded navigating the voice-mail system that makes HAL seem as harmless as Mister

Rogers. I waited six months before closing the account altogether. Finally free, I now spend my extra time chewing the fat with the Muriel Siebert crew, who always seem happy to hear from me.

Jonathan Hoenig, P.O.V.'s Capitalist Pig, prefers to hear Lionel Richie rather than Enya when he's on hold.

At 9:00 pm, an armed male attacked Doris on a New York City subway. She has never been the same since... .



Remember last April, when you sweated through an all-nighter trying to complete your tax return? You vowed that next year would be different; next year you'd spring for a big gun—a professional tax expert who would relieve you of the stress of tax time and hopefully save you a bundle by spotting deductions you didn't know you could take.

Well, guess what? It's tax time. Now. "It's mandatory that you start interviewing prospects before the end of the year and that you hire someone before January 31," says Doug Stives, a certified public accountant at Curchin & Co. in Red Bank, New Jersey, and a member of the tax executive committee of the American Institute of CPAs (AICPA). No, you can't just drop your returns and a box of receipts off with some guy at H&R Block on April 1 and expect him to do a good job. You have to

Your best bets are the most highly trained tax experts: CPAs and enrolled agents. The latter are often more qualified because they must get through a rigorous two-day exam given by the IRS and complete 72 hours of continuing education every three years. Although CPAs must pass a state-sponsored test, many don't actually specialize in tax preparation.

3. VISIT IN THE OFFSEASON Even if a tax expert sounds great on paper, he might not be right for you. Make sure to meet with him several months before that 1040 arrives in your mailbox. You can gauge chemistry, and pose some key questions. Ask what percentage of his clients have been audited. Anything above 1 or 2 percent may indicate he's doing something iffy. Find out how many other clients he has, and how many assistants

he employs—with only 58 working days in tax season, there's only so much a solo practitioner can handle. And make sure he charges by the hour, rather than by the form; if he's a form guy, he won't have any incentive to spend time on your return.

4. THINK YEAR-ROUND. Having an accountant should be like having a lawyer or a doctor. He's there when you need him. The IRS, after all, operates (and investigates) year-round. A good accountant will answer your questions or problems at any time during the year, for little or no charge. Make sure your pick has this policy.

5. BE WARY OF QUESTIONABLE PRACTICES. Some accountants and agents shy away from declaring deductions for their clients, for fear of sparking time-consuming audits. That's a foul. You need someone who's willing to swing the bat aggressively in order to save you money. On the flip side, avoid any tax preparer who, in order to get your business, guarantees you a refund. "That shows they're willing to bend the rules to get the best of Uncle Sam," says Jaffe—a policy that will likely trip you up eventually. No matter what, make sure your tax expert has malpractice insurance. If he does screw up after all this, at least you'll be protected.



Return on Investment

When your taxes become complicated, it's time to hire a professional. Here's what to look for. **BY ARLENE WEINTRAUB**

find the right fit. Here's how.

1. DEMAND CREDENTIALS. Fact is, any joker can claim to be a tax expert. "Basically, to be a tax preparer, all you need to be able to do is spell the words 'tax preparer,'" says Charles Jaffe, author of *The Right Way to Hire Financial Help*. Even "accredited tax preparer" is almost worthless. That just means the guy took a course and got a certificate at the end of the day; these clowns can't even represent you in an audit.

2. TAP YOUR COLLEAGUES. You can obtain names of enrolled agents by calling the National Association of Enrolled Agents' referral line (800-424-4339). CPA associations in every state will point you toward accountants in your town (or visit www.aicpa.org for information). But the best way to generate a list is by asking your coworkers, because it's vital that your taxes be prepared by someone who understands your field of work—and all the deductions that come with it.

Associate Editor Arlene Weintraub is good with a 1040EZ.

Whenever someone has a hot or cold streak, it's only a matter of time before they return to their normal pattern. The Chicago Bulls win six titles, then drop back to mortality. One Robin Williams film bombs, and the next three are hits. Statisticians call this "reversion to the mean," and it's happening now with microcap stocks—those that have market values of \$250 million or less. After getting creamed by large-capitalization stocks for the past two years, the microcaps are back to their old selves. This year, small-company indexes are up nearly twice as much as the S&P 500, with no sign of a slowdown.

TAKING STOCK

Needle Exchange No one likes needles. And in the age of AIDS, even the people giving the shots are desperate for alternatives. Enter ICU Medical (Nasdaq: ICUI). The San Clemente, California-based firm has patented a needle-free IV connector that's gaining acceptance around the United States. Its stock, which traded recently at \$18.75, compares favorably to the S&P 500 on just about every valuation measure, including P/E ratio, cash per share and earnings growth rate. According to Wasatch Micro-Cap's Robert Gardiner, the fun has just started. California recently passed a law requiring hospitals to shift to needles that are less likely to accidentally prick health-care workers. "And the international market is just as big [as the U.S. market]," Gardner adds, "but ICU has barely tapped it."

—J.R.



the fund managers.

Here are three no-loads with proven managers who stand the best chance of building on this year's momentum.

WASATCH MICRO-CAP (800-551-1700) returned an S&P-like annual average of 27 percent in 1997

two years the fund underperformed the S&P 500 by 26 percentage points annually. So far this year, though, it's beating the S&P by 28 points. Despite this volatility, the fund's five-year average annual return is 28.6 percent, meaning Kern is keeping up pretty well with the S&P. He may beat it going forward by betting on cutting-edge communications stocks like Emulex Corp. and Anaren Microwave.

David Evans, portfolio manager of **RS MICROCAP GROWTH** (800-766-3863) finds his future winners by using "Main Street" sources of information—regional analysts located near small firms on the verge of hitting the big time. "They can identify [promising] companies before Wall Street catches on," Evans explains. His favorites include Photon Dynamics, a supplier to the flat panel display market, and Pervasive Software, a maker of information-management products. His instincts are right on so far: RS beat the Wilshire Small Growth Index in its first two years of existence, and has a double-digit lead over the S&P 500 so far this year.

Remember, though, that there's always a tradeoff: you can't have stellar long-term results without short-term risk. If your fund goes way down in any given year, don't pull your money out and flee to the large-caps. Only those with the courage to ride out the dips on this roller coaster will reap the rewards come retirement.

John Rubino covers stocks and mutual funds for P.O.V.

Micro Managing

Investing in funds focusing on tiny companies is about as risky as you can get. But the rewards can be huge, provided you shop with care. **BY JOHN RUBINO**

But you've got to choose microcap funds wisely. That's because unlike large-cap funds, many of which hold a lot of the same stocks as their peers, microcap portfolios can vary wildly from one fund company to another. And these small firms are not widely followed by analysts, so more of the research burden falls on

and 1998, thanks to manager Robert Gardiner's success in finding what he calls ABGCs: America's Best Growth Companies. He defines them as firms with competitive advantages and seasoned managers who own a lot of company stock. (They'll work hard to make the stock price go up, he believes.) Once he finds one, he buys at a price/earnings ratio that's less than or equal to the earnings growth rate. For example, he bought Techne, a supplier of proteins and antibodies to the biotech industry, when its P/E ratio was around 19 and its earnings were growing at 28 percent. Its stock price has doubled.

If you look back at the past two years, it might seem as if Robert Kern, manager of **FREMONT U.S. MICRO-CAP** (800-548-4539) is having a tough go at the microcap game. In 1995 and 1996 Fremont returned better than 50 percent a year on average, but over the next

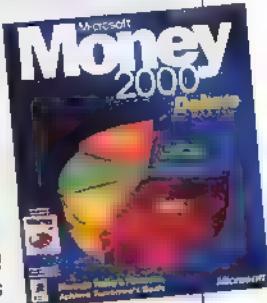


There are plenty of ghosts on Wall Street, and October is their favorite month to come out and play. Both the 1929 and 1987 market crashes happened in October. Even recently, in the midst of unbelievable prosperity, stocks have dropped precipitously enough in the tenth month for financial types to anxiously whisper the "C" word. Don't believe the hype. If history is any indication, whatever terror that occurs this October is likely to be completely unrelated to the calendar, temporary and much less serious than either of the two Big Ones. So do

PORK RINDS

Millennium Moola I expect Bill Gates doesn't spend too much time pinching pennies. But that hasn't stopped the four-eyed phenomenon's Microsoft from releasing what might be the most useful counting application since the abacus: Microsoft Money 2000 Deluxe (\$64.95, www.microsoft.com). Want to set up hypothetical stock portfolios and see how much they return? Want to research more than 16,000 stocks and mutual funds? It's easy with Money 2000. And this version has a host of new features, including a remarkable Web interface that allows you to download data directly from your bank and other financial institutions. And you can access your records from any browser, even one on a computer that doesn't have the Money software installed. The only thing missing is a button for "world domination," but that feature probably won't be too long in coming.

-J.H.



market crash occurs when the Dow Jones industrial average drops more than 20 percent in a short period of

holding steady, inflation is in check, consumer confidence is strong and unemployment is low.

Some prognosticators have warned that once the baby boomers hit retirement, they're going to pull all their money out of the market, resulting in an inevitable crash. That's hogwash. First, it's not as if every boomer will retire on the same day. And second, many retirees are likely to transfer much of their holdings to family members rather than cashing them in. (Right, Mom?)

This isn't to say that there will never be another crash. There probably will be. The problem is that neither I, nor Alan Greenspan—nor even the oracle of infomercials, Dionne Warwick—can predict exactly when it will happen. But any smart investor can tell you what to do when panic causes your stocks to drop: nothing. "In the middle of a panic, investors sell with little regard to the underlying fundamentals," says Jim Henderson, an investment advisor at Vestor Capital in Chicago. "Long-term investors need wait for the dust to settle before attempting to determine the health of their holdings." If you're really smart, you'll dig for a few bargain stocks. Then, when the inevitable rebound happens, you'll be riding high.

Crash Course

In October, the stock market often turns into a giant house of horrors. Don't panic. Stock drops are more dramatic than they are dangerous.

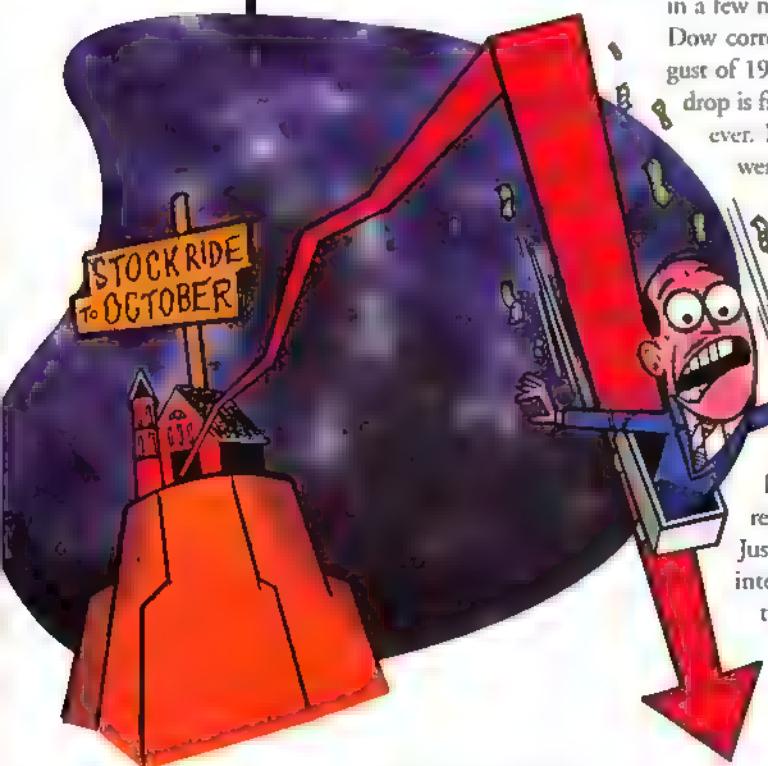
BY JONATHAN HOENIG

not pass go, do not cash in all your stocks and collect \$10,000 because you're afraid a crash might crumble your portfolio.

Let me explain why. A stock

time. On October 19, 1987, the Dow plummeted 508 points, losing 22.6 percent in one day. A more common "correction" is a 10 percent to 20 percent decline within a few months. The most recent Dow correction happened in August of 1998. But while any rapid drop is frightening, it's rarely forever. Even the losses of 1987 were recouped within a few months.

Although there might be a sell-off this October, or even a correction, our overall economic picture makes a crash less likely than spotting Warren Buffett on a bread line. Just before the 1987 crash, interest rates rose and the trade deficit grew—both negative forces for the stock market. Today, interest rates are



Up & Comers 1999

If this decade ushered in a gold rush for young entrepreneurs, then the last few years have been Fort Knox. Entrepreneurs under the age of 35 are now starting nearly 40 percent of all new businesses. And they've been getting plenty of encouragement. Venture capitalists and public investors alike have turned thousands of young businesspeople into overnight gazillionaires. That's extraordinary, considering that many of them have yet to make a penny in profits, and some aren't even selling a product yet. • All this unbridled enthusiasm is largely being driven by the Web, where young people pretty much rule the roost. Surfers are flocking to such sites as CDNow (founded by twins Jason and Matthew Olim, 30), Tripod (founded by Bo Peabody, 28) and Hotmail (founded by Sabee Bhatia and Jack Smith, both 30). What these five hotshots have in common—aside from extraordinarily good fortune—is that they were among P.O.V.'s picks for the top 50 Up & Comers of 1998. • This year, we're at it again, with a fresh list of guys, all under 35, who are poised to hit it big. Once again, the Web has proven the hot place to be, sixteen of our picks this year are making their marks on the Internet. Some Web cowboys are succeeding by putting new twists on "old" concepts (search engines, Web-page construction). Others are getting in early on emerging trends, such as the exploding popularity of downloadable music. But there is life beyond cyberspace, as the rest of our picks prove. Their lofty pursuits run the gamut from entertainment to medicine to politics. As evidenced by last year's list, it's just a matter of time before these Up & Comers become the household names of the new century.

• By Brian Dawson, Luesa Goins, Ben Kaplan, Adam Kleiner, Adam Pitluk and Geoff Van Dyke
• Illustrations by Eric Palma



A Star Is Born

The explosive growth of the Internet that we've seen in the United States has only just begun in Latin America. Leading the charge south of the border is P.O.V.'S 1999 ENTREPRENEUR OF THE YEAR, StarMedia's FERNANDO ESPUELAS. By Brian Dawson

Fernando Espuelas was hiking the Annapurna mountain range in Nepal when, tired and achy, he paused for a rest and watched as a group of diminutive Nepalese women hauled heavy logs along the trail. "They were wearing flip-flops, laughing and smiling," remembers Espuelas, 33, who was on vacation from his job as AT&T's managing director for Latin America. "And there I was, whiny and pathetic, wearing fancy boots with a whole retinue of Sherpas carrying my stuff. It dawned on me how weak and self-indulgent we are in the Western world, where everything is possible if only we really want it. I suddenly felt so different and changed."

Hokey, maybe. But that misty epiphany was just the push Espuelas needed to strike out on his own and explore a hunch he'd had for months—that the Internet would radically change Latin American society. "I wanted to do something about that," he says. "I wanted to be a part of that." Nine months later, in late 1996, Espuelas left AT&T and founded StarMedia Network (www.starmedia.com) with the help of childhood friend Jack Chen. The New York-based company is now the dominant player in the Internet's nascent penetration into Latin America, a 23-country region which 500 million people call home.

In the Internet industry, valuations are based on potential—StarMedia has überpotential, which is why the company had one of the most spectacular IPOs of 1999, flying from its \$15 offering price to \$61 on June 1, its fourth day of trading. It's settled in nicely at a recent \$41, valuing the company at a whopping \$2.2 billion—about the same as Continental Airlines and Polo Ralph Lauren. Espuelas and Chen each hold 11 percent of the company, stakes worth about \$250 million apiece.

"I call it the 'back to the future' opportunity," Espuelas says. "If you were to know three years ago what you know today about the Yahoos and AOLs of the world, you would have invested heavily. I think that's finally what people saw in us—a brand targeting a growing market."

StarMedia is an entirely free Portuguese- and Spanish-language Web portal, offering e-mail, homepages, chat rooms, bulletin boards, news, sports, software, classifieds and other Web-community ephemera to visitors who generate more than two million page views per day.

As investors have clearly figured out, that traffic is just a start. Only thirteen million Latin Americans—not even 3 percent of the population—are currently wired. That figure is expected to shoot to 50 million in three years and keep growing thereafter. By 2003, Latin Americans will conduct more than \$8 billion in business online, nearly 50 times the 1998 figure. And the region is on the most sought-after end of the demographic bubble: 65 percent of Latin Americans are under age 35. Überpotential.

Espuelas's journey to new-media magnate began along the Rio de la Plata in Montevideo, Uruguay. Born into an affluent family, he moved with his mother to Greenwich, Connecticut, in 1976 after his parents divorced. Espuelas arrived knowing no English. He acclimated well, though, displaying an early entrepreneurial bent with Chen, now 32, whom he met in grade school. The pair loaned their classmates money (with interest) and also insured kids' school supplies.

Espuelas majored in history at Connecticut College and entered

advertising out of school. At 24, he headed to Argentina to work for ad giant Ogilvy & Mather, where he was in charge of establishing a direct-marketing company in a country just beginning to recover from decades of misrule and economic chaos. After nearly three years, he returned to the States, then left Ogilvy six months later for AT&T, where he poured his energies into a pet project, AT&T Hola, a now-defunct Spanish-language Web site that provided the germ of the idea for StarMedia. "AT&T had ambitions to be a consumer telecommunications company in Latin America," he says. "AT&T Hola was a platform to build a user base." Yet the company gave him little support. "AT&T was going through a wrenching process of restructuring," he recalls. "It got very political. It felt like people were lining up outside my office to smack me on the head."

Nevertheless, leaving the relative security of a blue-chip employer to launch StarMedia wasn't easy, a fact that became increasingly clear when Espuelas and Chen attacked the requisite bobbing-for-dollars fund-hunting task. Chen took out a second mortgage on his house; Espuelas got eighteen credit cards and promptly ran up \$200,000 in debt. By mid-1997, the company was hemorrhaging cash "in a very dramatic fashion," as Espuelas puts it. StarMedia dug for venture capital, but none of the 40-odd firms the pair approached would bite. "They either understood Latin America but not the Internet," Espuelas says, "or they understood the Internet but not Latin America."

Initial salvation arrived in the form of Chase Capital Partners and Flatiron Partners, New York-based venture-capital outfits that ponied up a combined \$3.5 million. Other capital trickled in, and soon the floodgates opened: StarMedia raised an eye-popping \$137 million in private equity before going public. Armed with another \$110 million from the May IPO, the company, with 400 employees in ten countries, now has a more-than-proper war chest. Espuelas has been on an acquisition binge this year. First came Cadé? (www.cade.com.br) and Zeek! (www.zeek.com.br), the leading Portuguese-language directories in Brazil, the region's biggest country; then Servicios Interactivos, which operates OpenChile (www.openchile.cl), Chile's biggest portal; most recently, Espuelas bought LatinRed (www.latinred.net), a Barcelona-based company that was the second-largest Spanish-language Internet service—behind StarMedia, of course.

Espuelas has also been scrambling to expand StarMedia's e-commerce component, creating a sort of Latin America Online. Naturally, the region's affluent will hit the Web first, and that is where StarMedia is most zealously focused. "Our target market is the top 100 million people in Latin America, who collectively control about 65 percent of the wealth," Espuelas says. But e-commerce is useless in the absence of a sound infrastructure to deliver those goods—something severely lacking in Latin America. "The postal systems are not very efficient, and couriers are extremely expensive," Espuelas explains. So in March, StarMedia signed a deal to partner with Miami-based SkyBox Services Corporation, a company that orchestrates efficient and cheap logistical solutions for American retailers shipping products to Latin America.

The company's revenue forecasts reflect all this action. Last year, StarMedia posted \$5.3 million in sales. Keith Benjamin, who tracks Internet stocks for BancBoston Robertson Stephens in San Francis-



co., projects that figure will jump to \$11.5 million this year and \$140 million in 2002 as Latin America goes online—and, presumably, chooses brand-familiar StarMedia to take it there. Benjamin applauds the company's initial focus on the affluent. "This highly desirable demographic lends itself to a significant amount of advertising and e-commerce dollars as the Internet continues to grow," he says. "I believe StarMedia has a first-to-market advantage to become the new dominant Web network [in Latin America]."

Still, challenges remain. Like most high-growth Web companies, StarMedia has yet to climb out of the red, reporting operating losses of \$38.6 million for the first six months of this year. And competitors abound. Last year, America Online announced a split partnership with the Cisneros Group, a Venezuela-based entertainment and

telecommunications giant. Yahoo! offers Yahoo! España. And QuePasa.com, which features a similar range of services, is a growing company (albeit one Wall Street values at only one-tenth of Espuelas's *nño*).

Espuelas remains nonplussed. Perhaps fittingly for an entrepreneur who found his muse during a spiritual moment in Nepal's rarefied air, he's philosophical about his competitors. "The market is growing very fast, but we're so far ahead of everyone else. The biggest competitive threat we have is ourselves—a sense of complacency, a sense of arrogance. Hubris," he admits, "is our number-one competitor."

Brian Dawson is an assistant editor at P.O.V.

Wes ANDERSON, Owen WILSON

AGE: 30 CLAIM TO FAME: After writing and directing indie favorite *Bottle Rocket*, followed it up with the critically acclaimed *Rushmore*.



The friends, who met as students at the University of Texas, Austin, are now busy writing, directing, producing and acting in a variety of solo projects (Wilson costarred in the summer hit *The Haunting*). Their next collaboration will again star *Rushmore*'s Bill Murray and Jason Schwartzman.

TICKET TO ENTRY: *Rushmore*, which they made for a reported \$10 million, grossed \$17 million and garnered much critical praise.

John BATTELLE

AGE: 33 CLAIM TO FAME: Launched *The Industry Standard* this past April, after reporting on the Internet and technology for twelve years and cofounding *Wired* magazine. The *Standard*, published weekly, and its accompanying Web site feature news and economic analysis of Internet commerce.



The San Francisco-based company also presents conferences for Internet executives. "I have such a tight market, I know exactly who my customers are," Battelle says, "and what they want." TICKET TO ENTRY: He's had an amazingly strong start: The *Standard*'s advertising pages are growing at an average rate of 30 percent per quarter, and circulation is at 125,000. *Thestandard.com* was a finalist for general excellence in new media at this year's prestigious National Magazine Awards.

Jeffrey BREWER

AGE: 30 CLAIM TO FAME: After founding CitySearch (www.citysearch.com) and

building it into one of the most widely used sources of information about local events, Brewer was recruited to be the CEO of search-engine company GoTo.com in February 1998. GoTo.com provides highly targeted search results by using a revolutionary model that requires advertisers to pay for their URLs to pop up when surfers type in specific key words. It's working. NPD Online Research recently ranked the Pasadena, California-based company ahead of such top search engines as Yahoo! and Excite in "frequency of finding information sought every time." TICKET TO ENTRY: The company raked in \$1 million in the first quarter of 1999 alone (sales for all of 1998 reached only \$800,000). The stock has jumped from its offering price of \$15 to a recent \$52.



Jeff DANIEL

AGE: 29 CLAIM TO FAME: Beefed up Trilogy Software's staff from 80 to 800 employees as its director of college recruiting, then struck out on his own in 1998 with College-Hire.com. The online recruiting service—which specializes in placing college grads at high-tech firms—differs from its many competitors in that it prescreens applicants for employers, rather than making them sift through thousands of résumés. "At Trilogy I was militant about college recruiting," Daniel says. "I know the campus culture and understand the college student." TICKET TO ENTRY: The online recruiting business is white hot, and Daniel's Austin-based company has already cobbled together blue chip clients such as Amazon.com, Juno Online Services and Sunoco.

Kenny DICHTER, Jesse ITZLER

AGES: 31 CLAIM TO FAME: Launched the Alphabet City recording label, which specializes in creating theme songs for

sports teams, in 1996 and sold it last year to SFX Entertainment for \$4.4 million in cash and stock. The pair, now co-CEOs of New York based SFX/Alphabet City, still run the label,



and create ad campaigns for the likes of Coca-Cola and Foot Locker. SFX/Alphabet City also signed a three-year contract with the NBA. "There were two worlds colliding: sports and entertainment," says Itzler, who started with the New York Knicks' "Go New York

Go" theme song back in 1992. "It was a matter of identifying that market and hitting it hard." TICKET TO ENTRY: Thanks to the NBA contract and other deals, revenues will likely reach \$20 million in 1999, doubling last year's take.

David GOLDBERG, Robert ROBACK

AGES: 32 CLAIM TO FAME: Cofounded Santa Monica, California-based Launch Media (www.launch.com), then trans-



formed it from a CD-ROM publisher into one of the most popular destinations for music lovers in search of reviews, chat rooms, CDs and individual tracks that can be downloaded straight off the site. "We've been really focused on one thing—delivering the consumer a fantastic music experience," Goldberg says. "It's all about the content and connecting with the artist." TICKET TO ENTRY: Their April IPO generated \$80 million.

Tom GREEN



AGE: 27 CLAIM TO FAME: Created such a stir on an Ottawa public access talk show that MTV scooped up the program and started airing it last

season. Green's antics have included scuba diving in mall fountains, eating hair-and-Vaseline sculptures and placing a real cow's head in his parents' bed. *The Tom Green Show* is now in its second season, and Green has been cast in two films to be released in 2000. **TICKET TO ENTRY:** In its first season, *The Tom Green Show* was one of MTV's three most popular programs.

Todd HAYS

AGE: 33 CLAIM TO FAME: Founded InterAct Accessories, a video-game and PC-game accessory maker in Hunt Valley,



Maryland, in 1991. Thanks largely to its popular GameShark game-enhancing cartridge, InterAct now commands 80 percent of the market for video-game accessories and peripherals. The company pulls in about \$300 million in sales per year. "People ask for the GameShark by name," Hays says. "Boys put it on their birthday lists." **TICKET TO ENTRY:** In late 1998, InterAct became the world's number-one seller of PC game controllers.

Jason HOLLANDER

AGE: 27 CLAIM TO FAME: Founder of 28th Street Publishing, which publishes an eponymous lifestyle-and-entertainment magazine for college students and young adults in southern California. Hollander's company also runs



spring break tours and publishes yearbooks and phone books for fraternities and sororities. Total sales this year: about \$650,000.

"Our angle is that we offer services to the affluent young adult market," Hollander says. **TICKET TO ENTRY:** 28th Street's content has been syndicated in 35 cities, the company was recruited to provide music and film reviews on America Online, and its spring break tours served more students in the Los Angeles area last year than any other student-tour company's.

Randy HORN

AGE: 31 CLAIM TO FAME: Created the board game Zobmondo as a business student at UCLA in 1997, and sold more than \$520,000 worth in his first year out of the gate. Sales of this "would-you-rather" game—which asks players to choose between such crazy scenarios as



immersing themselves in a bathtub full of cockroaches or diving head first into a pool of chewing tobacco spit—are on track to double this year. "Everyone thought my idea was totally ridiculous and that I was a big joke," Horn recalls. "But they also thought it was entertaining." The Los Angeles-based company released a second game, Zobmondo Lite, in September. **TICKET TO ENTRY:** Horn was recently picked up by the renowned Creative Artists Agency, which is working to get him signed on for a Zobmondo game show.

Ryan JACOB

AGE: 29 CLAIM TO FAME: Managed the red-hot Internet Fund for Kinetics Asset Management in New York before leaving this summer to launch his own mutual fund.



Thanks to his prescient investments in such highfliers as eBay, Yahoo! and Lycos, the Internet Fund was the third best performing U.S. stock fund year-to-date as of his departure, and assets had ballooned from \$200,000 in early 1998 to \$700 million when he left. Jacob plans to apply the same winning investment strategy to his new venture, the originally-titled Jacob Internet Fund. "I look for companies that are addressing a sizeable market, and that have management teams that will stay focused and driven," Jacob says. "And I like companies that are surrounded by a great deal of skepticism—that's where some of the best opportunities are." **TICKET TO ENTRY:** He led the Internet Fund to a whopping 196-percent return in 1998.

Bryn KAUFMAN

AGE: 33 CLAIM TO FAME: Founded Computer Market Place, a business-to-business reseller of computer equipment

and software, in 1985. After hitting the Web and changing its name to CMPEXpress.com in 1996, the company turned from a small, local player in Brookhaven, Pennsylvania, into a \$36 million behemoth, as Kaufman effortlessly broadened his customer base with little additional overhead costs. "We're totally Internet-based now," he says. Kaufman's next big move will be to Wall Street, with an IPO planned for the near future. **TICKET TO ENTRY:** Since its move to the Internet, CMPEXpress.com's revenues have more than doubled every year.

Dave KAUFMAN, Nick MARSH, Andy STENZLER

AGES: 31 CLAIM TO FAME: Founded Xando, a coffee bar in Hartford, Connecticut, in 1994 and took it national, with 25

to 30 locations expected to be open by the end of this year. Xando is pulling in an estimated \$16 million a year in sales by offering a twist on the standard coffeehouse: come nightfall, Xando serves alcohol. "People start comparing Starbucks to an enormous chain, like McDonald's, and they demand a choice," Stenzler says. "Here comes Xando." **TICKET TO ENTRY:** Starbucks appears nervous: the coffee behemoth opened Circadia Coffee House, a Xando knockoff, in San Francisco.

Colin KIHNE

AGE: 29 CLAIM TO FAME: Founded CMK Development Corp. and CMK Metropolitan Construction Corp. in 1995 and 1998, respectively. The firms,



The Razor's Edge

In the crowded niche of Internet consulting, RAZORFISH has cruised to the front of the pack.

At the Manhattan offices of Razorfish, casually dressed employees lounge on saffron couches and hold meetings in rooms furnished with fashionably mismatched chairs. It sure doesn't look like the headquarters of a company with a market value of more than \$650 million and two cofounders now worth about \$62 million apiece. But the digital consulting firm—launched five years ago by Minnesota expatriates Jeff Dachis and Craig Kanarick, both 32—has become just that.

Considering the remarkable proliferation of Web consulting companies, how in the world did these guys come so far so fast? "We don't just build Web sites," Dachis explains. "We provide complete solutions for all of our clients." Razorfish designed, for example, a Web site for PC manufacturer E-Machines, as well as the company's packaging and corporate stationery. For Ralph Lauren Fragrances, Razorfish concocted a site that included not just product information, but also original articles about beauty, chat rooms and a biweekly soap opera featuring four young adults and their Lauren-scented adventures. Then there's the site for the Casio G-Shock watch, a Shockwave-enhanced advertisement complete with contests and online clubs. The G-

Shock site garnered Razorfish a 1999 Clio—the highest accolade in the advertising industry.

The Clio wasn't the only accomplishment that made this a banner year for Razorfish. The company hit Wall Street in April, raising \$48 million. In July, Razorfish announced a blowout second quarter during which sales jumped to \$15 million from \$3 million in the same period a year ago, and profits (yes, an Internet company with profits!) came in at \$635,000. In August, Razorfish agreed to acquire peer I-Cube, in a deal valued at \$677 million. Investors seem delighted: the stock is now trading at around \$27. Its offering price was \$16.

For Dachis and Kanarick, the recipe for success included more than just the requisite round-the-clock hard work that Internet companies are famous for. They also happened to be in the right place at the best possible time. In 1994, Dachis and Kanarick—who knew each other as children—were reunited at *Blender*, a CD-ROM music magazine for which they were both freelancing. That was about the time that large firms began realizing that the Internet was bound to become more than just an after-school hangout for teenagers. Dachis and Kanarick were getting plenty of freelance assignments from companies looking to establish Web presences. They figured teaming up would be the best way to pull in big-name clients.

Dachis's apartment became Razorfish's headquarters because, as Kanarick recalls, "He was living on Avenue C [in New York's East Village] and we thought the address would look cool on stationery." Shortly thereafter they won a bid for their first client, Time Warner, which was subsidizing a new site for the New York Botanical Garden. IBM and America Online soon followed, and word of mouth brought in a flood of new clients, including Charles Schwab, eBay and CBS.

In 1995 the friends moved the firm to a SoHo loft. In 1996 revenues hit \$1.2 million. That figure tripled in 1997 and jumped to \$13.8 million in 1998. After the I-Cube acquisition, Razorfish will have more than 1,000 employees in eleven cities worldwide.

In spite of their phenomenal success, the folks at Razorfish—several of whom became overnight millionaires after the IPO—seem determined to maintain the company's down-to-earth image. Or perhaps they're having a little trouble letting go of their humble beginnings. "These people slaved away—some of them in my living room when I had no air conditioner and leaky pipes," Kanarick says. "I told them, 'Someday it will be worth it.' It feels good to know that those words came true."

—Ben Kaplan

which develop and build apartment houses in Chicago, have drawn raves for the contemporary approach they take to design. "We definitely push the envelope with our projects," says Kihne. CMK is now exploring projects in Indianapolis, Minneapolis and Grand Rapids, Michigan. **TICKET TO ENTRY:** Sales skyrocketed from about \$5 million last year to a projected \$30 million for 1999.



and Grand Rapids, Michigan. **TICKET TO ENTRY:** Sales skyrocketed from about \$5 million last year to a projected \$30 million for 1999.

Justin KITCH



AGE: 27 **CLAIM TO FAME:**

Launched Homestead Technologies (www.homestead.com), a Web site where anyone from your computer-il-

literate Aunt Ethel to your eight-year-old niece can instantly build a Web page using simple drag-and-drop technology. "My goal was to democratize the Web," says Kitch, who expects his Menlo Park, California-based firm to pull in more than \$1 million in its first year in business. **TICKET TO ENTRY:** The masses have responded—to the tune of 6,000 new Web sites built per day, causing Kitch to be flooded with buyout offers from America Online, etc. (He prefers to remain independent for now.)

Christopher KLAUS

AGE: 26 **CLAIM TO FAME:** From a spare room at his grandmother's home, created Internet security software. It became the backbone for ISS Group, an Atlanta-based public company that creates virtual brick walls between would-be hackers and susceptible networks for 21 of the 25 largest U.S. commercial banks, as well as

such big-name clients as Microsoft and the U.S. Air Force. "Five years ago I didn't have money for classes or food," muses Klaus, whose company—which is profitable—should exceed \$50 million in revenues this year. "Thanks to the Internet, now is the best time ever



MINNESOTA VIKINGS: DACHIS (LEFT) AND KANARICK ARE DUSTING DOWN THE WALLS OF E-COMMERCE.

to be a young entrepreneur." **TICKET TO ENTRY:** Klaus's stake in ISS was recently valued at more than \$140 million.

Todd KRIZELMAN, Stephan PATERNOT

AGES: 25 **CLAIM TO FAME:** Founded Theglobe.com, a network of online communities they dreamed up in their Cornell dorm room. The New



York-based company now ranks 46th on Media Metrix's list of most-visited Web properties, with more than 3.5 million unique visitors per month. Krizelman and Paternot have secured more than \$200 million in funding to expand worldwide

and to increase the site's offerings. New this fall: a sophisticated e-mail system to help users connect. "Community sites are often just dumbed down simply to homepage building," Paternot says. "We're more interested in users interacting." **TICKET TO ENTRY:** Theglobe.com made history with its 1998 IPO, when its stock surged from \$9 to \$97—the biggest first-day increase ever. The stock has returned to earth, but even at its recent trading price of \$16, Krizelman and Paternot are worth about \$15 million apiece.

Mark LAND, Andrew PERLMAN

AGES: 25, 24 **CLAIM TO FAME:** Dropped out of college to start Cignal Global Communications, a Cambridge, Massachusetts-based telecommunica-



tions firm that has developed a global network to carry data via underground and underwater fiber-optic cables. Cignal has signed up 50 of the world's largest voice-data carriers in New York, Los Angeles, Toronto, Hong Kong and several other big



Mailmen

With a platform that delivers postage at the click of a mouse, STAMPS.COM is licking the competition.

Late one night in the spring of 1996, MBA student Jim McDermott ran out of stamps while sealing applications for summer internships. Why, he wondered, with *several thousand dollars worth of computer equipment, can I not print stamps at home?* From that simple moment of frustration emanated Stamps.com, a business poised to forever change the multibillion-dollar postage industry (and likely boost the value of your cousin's stamp collection).

The day after his postal mishap, McDermott, 30, approached UCLA classmates Jeffrey Green, 29, and Ari Engelberg, 27. "The idea was so good that it kept eating at us," Green recalls. They started working on it the following fall. In March 1997, the trio presented the model for Stamps.com to the United States Postal Service. In August 1998, they got the go-ahead for test-marketing. This June, Stamps.com went public at \$11 a share and shot to \$52.50 by mid-July. By early August it had settled to \$29, making the company worth about \$960 million—despite zero revenue and the fact that the Postal Service had not yet green-lighted a nationwide rollout. (Approval was granted on August 9.) Such is the strength of the concept.

Stamps.com allows users to download free software (from www.stamps.com), create an electronic account and, while online, print postage with the click of a mouse. The partners plan to charge \$1.99 per month for up to \$25 in postage for individuals. Small businesses will pay a 10-percent surcharge on postage orders instead of a monthly fee.

The potential revenues generated by those fees—which are similar to premiums charged by such companies as Mail Boxes Etc.—should amount to much more than chump change. There are 35 million home offices in the United States, and 7 million outside-the-home small offices. These businesses each send 50 to 200 pieces of mail a month, spending some \$600 to \$1,200 on postage annually. "We think the market's going to be very large," Green says.

A group of heavyweight competitors clearly agrees. E-Stamp, a competitor, was also approved on August 9 for a nationwide launch. Then there are such meter stalwarts as Pitney Bowes and France-based Neopost, which are testing similar services. Bonnie Brooks, an analyst at Creative Strategies, a Campbell, California consulting company, says the winners will be those who score the most lucrative partnerships. "It's like a chess game, and Stamps.com and E-Stamp are on equal footing," Brooks says. For its part, Stamps.com has already aligned with AOL, Office Depot, Quicken.com and several other major players.

Realizing the race that they're in, the partners, like many tech entrepreneurs, chose to bring in more seasoned leadership—in this case, John Payne, the former CEO of AirMedia, a wireless communications company. In doing so, the partners forfeited control of their company; not one of them even sits on the board of directors. Don't cry for Green and his buddies, however: after the rollout was approved, Stamps.com's stock started rising again, and P.O.V. estimates that, at press time, the partners, now senior executives, each retained stock worth about \$30 million.

How to account for the strong response from Wall Street? Perhaps, says Green, investors are recognizing that the real promise of this technology is not limited to postage. "We've created a very secure e-commerce platform that's been ratified by the government," he says. "Our technology can be used to print authenticated barcodes on just about anything." Money orders, gift certificates, concert tickets—it's all fair game for Stamps.com. Talk about putting a stamp on history.

—Adam Kleiner



GOING POSTAL McDERMOTT, ENGELBERG AND GREEN HAVE PUT THEIR STAMP ON THE WEB.

cities. "Once you can run voice over a data network in real time, you can do anything," Perlman says. "All the things people have talked about wanting to do over the Internet, that's what we can do today." **TICKET TO ENTRY:** The company secured more than \$50 million in venture capital, and is on track to gross more than \$25 million this year—its first year with a product on the market.

Peter LEE

AGE: 27 **CLAIM TO FAME:** Designed an experiment dealing with gene therapy and muscle tissue that was chosen to ride with John Glenn and his colleagues on this year's Discovery mission. On his way to earning an M.D. and a Ph.D. from the Brown University School of Medicine (he has about four years to go), Lee spent time studying at the International Space University in France, and in Moscow with the Russian space program. "My ultimate goal is to be an astronaut," he says. Through his work, he's basically there. **TICKET TO ENTRY:** Lee contributed to two more experiments that will take off on NASA launches in coming months.

Jason LEVINTHAL

AGE: 26 **CLAIM TO FAME:** One of the first to introduce the skiboard—a mini-snowboard that's half the length but twice the width of a standard ski and worn on each foot. His Burlington, Vermont-based company, Line, received a big-league boost two years ago at the X Games in Crested Butte, Colorado, when Levinthal's pal Mike Nick won the gold medal in skiboarding atop a pair of Lines. (Levinthal himself took the bronze.) "The ski industry is really stagnant, because what you can do on skis is pretty limited," Levinthal says. "Skiboards bring much more energy and excitement." **TICKET TO ENTRY:** What

began as Levinthal's senior class project at the State University of New York in Buffalo is now on track to garner sales of \$2 million this year, up from \$1 million in 1998.

Ihor LYS, George MUELLER

AGES: 30, 29 **CLAIM TO FAME:** Founded Boston-based Color Kinetics, which developed Chromacore, a new type of digital lighting. Unlike traditional lighting technology, Chromacore uses little power and generates no heat. And a Chromacore light lasts for 100,000 hours, which means you could turn it on today, keep it on eight hours daily, and it wouldn't burn out until 2033. "For years, lighting technology has remained the same and advances have been minimal," says Mueller, president and CEO. "Once all lighting becomes digital, there's no limit to what you can do." **TICKET TO ENTRY:** Since launching in 1997, Color Kinetics has attracted a host of big-name clients in entertainment and retail—including Disney, Loews Theatres and Saks Fifth Avenue—pushing 1999 revenues toward \$7 million.



on it that will begin airing later this year. *Source*-produced films will start hitting theaters early next year.

Bejun MEHTA

AGE: 31 **CLAIM TO FAME:** Made his debut as a boy soprano at the age of seven, won a Grammy at 22 for producing classical music recordings, then relaunched his performing career last year as a counter-



tenor. "It was like starting all over," says Mehta, a New York resident. "But everything fell into place right away." Indeed, Mehta—whom

The New York Times dubbed a "sheer singing animal"—was the toast of the opera world this past season. **TICKET TO ENTRY:** After just one season singing in his new range, Mehta was booked by opera houses across the globe through 2003.

Joe NGAI

AGE: 24 **CLAIM TO FAME:** Founded Cambridge, Massachusetts-based Campus24.com—the first online auction site geared toward college students—as a Harvard Business School student, and partnered with NBC's Snap.com to launch it in April.



The site offers deals on clothing, books, furniture, cars and other miscellany that young people crave. Ngai came up with the concept after a campus stroll late last year. "There were flyers everywhere," he says. "Using flyers to transact goods is mind-bogglingly inefficient. I thought, Why are people still using this mechanism?"

The site draws business from beyond the halls of academe, too: 20 percent of Campus24.com's customers aren't students. **TICKET TO ENTRY:** Although it's only been online for six months, Campus24.com is averaging 80,000 unique visitors per month.

Matt NYE

AGE: 34 **CLAIM TO FAME:** Created his own

Long Way to the End Zone

DAN SNYDER spent ten years turning a failed idea into a fortune. This year he spent a good chunk of it—on the Washington Redskins.

In business, as in sports, sometimes you must first lose in order to learn how to win. Dan Snyder's winning streak began, ironically, over a decade ago, when he lost millions in seed money after a start-up went bust. Snyder parlayed his failure-gained business acumen into a multi-million-dollar company, and now finds himself the youngest owner of a major professional sports team—the venerable Washington Redskins, no less. After a nine-month bidding war, in May, Snyder, 34, and a group of partners shelled out \$800 million for the 'Skins—the highest sum ever paid for an American sports franchise.

On his way to the big leagues, Snyder stumbled over some of his rookie plans. At 23, he had an idea for a new publication: *Campus USA*, a free, ad-supported national magazine for students. Rather than hitting up Mom and Dad for a loan, or perhaps approaching a small publishing company, Snyder boldly pounded on the doors of Mort Zuckerman's media empire—which includes *U.S. News & World Report* and the *New York Daily News*. Several unreturned phone calls later, Snyder stole a few minutes of Zuckerman's time. The mogul and his publishing partner Fred Drasner liked his idea so much that they coughed up \$2.7 million in capital.



JUST SELL HIM THE DAMN BALL. SNYDER SCORED IN MARKETING—NOW HE HOPES TO SCORE WITH THE 'SKINS.

"He's completely honest and a tireless worker," says Drasner who, along with Zuckerman, holds 27 percent of Snyder Communications, of Snyder. "Snyder was quick with the bad news, had a plan to correct it and the drive to get it right. I've never regretted our investment because it's been successful on many levels."

For Snyder, it's been successful on many personal levels, as well. He has two Ferraris in his garage and stock holdings of \$158 million. Not to mention the most expensive franchise in American sports.

Not surprisingly, the new owner isn't worried about his team's six-year failure to make the playoffs. "I've done turnarounds," Snyder shrugs. "The Redskins will be another." —Lesia Gains

clothing label in 1998 after a strong eight-year track record as a designer for Ralph Lauren and Calvin Klein. His label features wardrobe staples like peacoats and tailored slacks, constructed of such high-end fabrics as cashmere and fine wool.

"I'm combining luxury and utility," Nye says. "I ride the fence between innovation and practicality."

Thanks to accounts with Saks Fifth Avenue, Bergdorf Goodman and other prestigious department stores, Nye's New York-based company projects \$1 million in sales for 1999. TICKET TO ENTRY He won the 1999 Perry Ellis award for best new menswear design.



Travis PAYNE

AGE: 28 CLAIM TO FAME: The next Bob Fosse? Payne danced in Janet Jackson's *Rhythm Nation* tour and went on to choreograph dances for Janet's brother, as well as Jewel, Lenny Kravitz, Madonna, Sheryl Crow, Courtney Love and others. This year, the Los Angeles resident has reached another level:



his choreography has been prominently featured in commercials for Gap khakis and the soon-to-be-released film *Three to Tango*, starring Neve Campbell, Matthew Perry and Dylan McDermott. TICKET TO TRY: Payne won four consecutive MTV Video Music Awards and this year's Music Video Producers Association Award for best choreography.

Obed PENA

AGE: 31 CLAIM TO FAME: Launched Chicago-based Home Medical Supplies in 1997 and built it into a leading distributor of equipment for home-health-care providers. Pena is opening three new midwestern branches this year, and has his sights set on a national expansion. "I love the home health industry," Pena says, "because



Family Values

SETH MACFARLANE has a twisted mind and a singular deal—both the envy of young Hollywood.

Ask Seth MacFarlane what it will take to make him feel like he's "made it," and his answer won't include the \$2.5 million-a-year deal he signed with Fox to serve as executive producer of *Family Guy*, the controversial animated series he created. He also won't mention the new Mercedes E430 he drives, the staff of seventeen writers he presides over, or the creative control he commands. Instead he pauses to think, exhales and says, almost too seriously, "a tumor."

That sums up the dark sense of humor MacFarlane puts to work every day as he writes scripts and performs three of the regular voices for *Family Guy*, the saucy cartoon that debuted after January's Super Bowl (it was the third most-watched program that week) and now appears Thursday nights. Last season, it finished in the top third of the Nielsen ratings and was Fox's number-four performer.

"It did throw me off a little that this happened so soon," says MacFarlane, 25, whose actual voice sounds like *Family Guy's* martini-swilling, sardonic talking dog, Brian. And it's a modest statement from someone who's been working toward this goal ever since he could hold a crayon. By ten, he was drawing a weekly comic strip for his hometown paper in Kent, Connecticut; he continued that gig until he graduated high school and enrolled in the Harvard of animation—the Rhode Island School of Design—on a full scholarship. A project he started as an undergraduate eventually led him to Hanna-Barbera and, eighteen months later, to Fox.

Aside from the world-weary pet, MacFarlane's nuclear *Family* includes the loud-mouthed dad Peter Griffin, his wife, Lois, teenage son, Chris and daughter, Meg. But the show's scene-stealer is the diabolical baby, Stewie, who talks like Rex Harrison and constantly concocts schemes in his football-shaped head to kill his mother. With lines like "Shake me like a British nanny," Stewie tends to generate a bit of hate mail.

WE ARE FAMILY: SETH MACFARLANE DRAWS UPON THE TALENTS OF HIS VERY ANIMATED BUSINESS PARTNERS.

Still, the envelope-pushing dialogue hasn't deterred Fox from giving MacFarlane creative freedom. Even after the headmaster of MacFarlane's Episcopalian high school questioned the show's moral content, Fox stood by its creator. "I think his political incorrectness is refreshing," says Leslie Kollins-Small, vice president of alternative programming at Fox, and the person who originally lobbied the network to sign MacFarlane. "He's unencumbered and doesn't dilute or censor himself."

MacFarlane believes that's the only way to make the show a hit. "I guess I'm good at this because my brain works in a way that allows me to write bizarre things," he says. "Still, I go into each episode in terror that this one's not going to be funny." As the fans continue to applaud, MacFarlane dares to dream about capitalizing on that early momentum and producing an animated film, à la *South Park* or *Beavis and Butt-head*. Alternatively, he winks, "I'll open a bed-and-breakfast in New England."

—Liesa Goins

this is the way life and health care are going." **TICKET TO ENTRY:** The company's revenues jumped from \$180,000 in 1997 to \$1 million last year; sales are on track to double this year.

Michael ROBERTSON

AGE: 32 **CLAIM TO FAME:** Founded MP3.com, the preeminent Web site for MP3 technology, the digital-compression format that enables Webheads



to download more than 100,000 songs free of charge. Although the record industry grousing that MP3 encourages piracy, consumers are siding with Robertson: MP3.com is averaging more than 200,000 downloads per day. In addition, bands can set up promotional Web sites free of charge and sell their CDs via the site. **TICKET TO ENTRY:** Robertson took the San Diego-based company public in late July and saw its stock more than double in value during the first day's trading; his 39-percent stake in the company is worth \$1 billion.

Eduardo SANCHEZ

AGE: 30 **CLAIM TO FAME:** Wrote, directed and edited this summer's hit mockumentary *The Blair Witch Project*, along with Dan Myrick. Four hours after *Blair Witch* aired at Sundance, Artisan signed their company, Orlando-based Haxan Films, to a \$1 million distribution deal. With a *Blair*-inspired book, a Sci-Fi Channel special and three million to five million page views a day on their Web site



(www.blairwitch.com), it's fair to say they created a phenomenon. Sanchez believes the secret to scaring the pants off filmgoers lies in the bare-bones approach that he and Myrick followed. "Most films don't give audiences enough credit," Sanchez says. "We're proud of the fact that we didn't cheat or underestimate our audience." **TICKET TO ENTRY:** In its first weekend in wide release, *Blair Witch* grossed \$28.5 mil-

lion; its record per-screen average of \$25,885 crushed Jar Jar Binks and his *Phantom Menace* cohorts.

Ryan SCHINMAN

AGE: 27 CLAIM TO FAME: Built a name as a marketer at World Wide Entertainment & Sports, where he represented professional athletes and coordinated



celebrity endorsements for large companies involving such luminaries as David Robinson, Cal Ripken Jr. and Yogi Berra.

Now he's orchestrating huge gala events as executive vice president at CNB Capital in New York. Schinman got his start as a telecommunications/business major at the University of Florida, representing Gator football players. By age 22 he was representing twenty NFL players. "I first got into this by structuring shoe deals and commercials for athletes," Schinman says. "I made the transition into working with corporate America because I liked it better than just working with celebrities." **TICKET TO ENTRY:** Since joining CNB, he has closed \$7 million in deals, including two major New Year's 2000 celebrations.

Daron STRAUSS

AGE: 26 CLAIM TO FAME: Parlayed his senior thesis at Dartmouth into Net.Capitol, a Washington, D.C.-based company that creates software products that help trade associations, lobbyists and other political types get their messages to lawmakers via the Internet. The firm also does Web site consulting. "Folks in D.C. tend to be slow to adopt new technology," says Strauss, who launched the company in



1996. "But then I saw political Web sites going up, and people on the Hill were getting e-mail. I started seeing real growth." At press time, Strauss was in negotiations to be acquired by Netivation.com. **TICKET TO ENTRY:** Strauss now boasts 200 clients,

Man of the House

On Capitol Hill, HAROLD FORD JR. has emerged from his famous father's shadow.

Representative Harold Ford Jr. is not your father's congressman—actually, he's *his* father's congressman. "He's a constituent of mine now," Ford says proudly of his notable dad, who for 22 years represented the same Memphis, Tennessee, district that Junior now does. "It's a new day and a new era. I see myself as continuing his legacy and building upon it."

That's a common refrain on the Hill these days, spoken by such notable second-generation politicians as Patrick Kennedy (D-Rhode Island), John Sununu (R-New Hampshire) and Jesse Jackson Jr. (D-Illinois)—not to mention a couple of son-of-pols named Albert Gore Jr. and George W. Bush. But Ford is clearly a standout. After winning his dad's old seat in 1996 with 61 percent of the vote, Ford was elected president of the freshman Democrats during the second half of the 105th Congress. He returned to office last November with nearly 80 percent of the vote and was then chosen by his peers to be the regional whip for four southern states, in charge of counting votes and persuading fence-sitters of the merits of various bills. At 29—the youngest congressman in America—he's mulling the idea of running for the Senate next year.

Ford is prized by his colleagues and constituents not only for his well-known name, but also for his independence and iconoclasm. No rigid ideologue, he has voiced qualified support for school vouchers and is a fervent proponent of a balanced-budget amendment and free trade. House Democratic leader Richard Gephardt once criticized the moderate New Democrat Coalition, of which Ford is a member, for lacking "core values."

"My voting record is firmly Democratic," counters Ford, "but I'm not just going to throw my vote one way because that's the way the party says I ought to vote." Although he campaigned for President Clinton in 1992 and 1996, he didn't hesitate to take to the House floor during the Lewinsky imbroglio and assail the President for his conduct.

Ford's refusal to bow to partisan pressures may just be his ticket to the top. "He has tremendous star power," says Joe Andrew, national chair of the Democratic National Committee. "He truly represents the future of the party. He's a moderate—a consensus builder."

Might he also be a senator? Ford thinks so. He's openly considering challenging Tennessee Republican incumbent Bill Frist in 2000. The fact that Ford is younger than any current senator by nearly a decade doesn't faze him. "That's the same thing that was said about me when I was first running for the House," says Ford, who studied at the University of Pennsylvania and received a law degree from the University of Michigan. "My age is a boon. It's an asset. I'd bring a fresh perspective, because I'm not beholden to my old ways." Pondering his words, he laughs and adds, "because I'm not old enough to have any old ways."



THE SON ALSO RISES. HAROLD FORD JR. IS A CHIP OFF THE OLD VOTING BLOC.

running for the House," says Ford, who studied at the University of Pennsylvania and received a law degree from the University of Michigan. "My age is a boon. It's an asset. I'd bring a fresh perspective, because I'm not beholden to my old ways." Pondering his words, he laughs and adds, "because I'm not old enough to have any old ways."

—Brian Dawson

Where Are They Now?

Let the great cash-in begin: our RECAP of the 1998 up & comers who up and came.

From our 50 Up & Comers list last year, more than a few have officially arrived. CDNow founders JASON and MATTHEW OLIM merged with rival N2K in March; designer SANDY DALAL won the 1998 Council of Fashion Designers Associates award for best new menswear and was named one of *People* magazine's 50 Most Beautiful People; venture capitalist STEVE JURVETSON is currently taking ten more companies public; personal finance guru JONATHAN HOENIG published a book—and signed on as P.O.V.'s "Capitalist Pig" columnist.

And then there were the guys who *really* had a good 1999.

After starting chat and messaging software company Acuity, ANDREW BUSEY could have rested on his laurels. Instead, the 28-year-old tech entrepreneur raised \$41.5 million in venture capital this year to launch Austin-based Living.com, which sells home furnishings. Before the site even debuted in July, the company had been valued at \$300 million. "Acuity went from being an Internet company to a business software company," Busey says. "At Living.com, we plan on expanding every 60 days and providing a complete interactive consumer experience."

P.O.V.'s 1998 Entrepreneur of the Year, EarthLink founder SKY DAYTON, kept on rolling: he saw his ISP's subscriber base jump from 750,000 to 1.3 million. The Pasadena, California-based company posted revenues of \$146 million in the first six months of this year, a

116 percent jump over the same period a year ago. Dayton, 28, says the secret to his company's success is simple. "We wake up in the morning like we never went to sleep, excited to go into the office." Next up: EarthLink will team with Disney's Buena Vista Internet Group to form ECompanies, an Internet business incubator.

DAYMOND JOHN, the founder of New York-based clothing label FUBU, has seen sales explode—from \$200 million to \$350 million—as his company single-handedly took a niche market to the mainstream. "Before, we tried to make it day by day," John remembers. "Now we make strategic plans for the future." As licensing took off, FUBU introduced intimate apparel, sneakers and business suits and opened offices in Australia, South Africa and Italy. John also cut a licensing deal with the NBA.

RAY SOZZI, 31, received public verification that Boston-based Student Advantage—which provides college students with discounts on products from thousands of companies, produces a Web site and college news wire and has acquired a promotional company—is on the right track. A June IPO generated \$50 million, and the market now values Student Advantage at more than \$350 million. "There is both a challenging and satisfying aspect of having your company grow beyond you," says Sozzi, who won Ernst & Young's first-ever national Young Entrepreneur of the Year Award.

LINUS TORVALDS, the 29-year-old Finn who makes Bill Gates quake, continues to draw a cult-like following to his free operating system, Linux. Computer Associates has recently released a product designed to run on Linux, and Lotus will do so by the end of the year. Publicly held Red Hat and VA Linux (soon to go public) are developing technology

that will bring the Torvalds system to the masses. "It's like watching your kids grow up and start to walk and talk," says Torvalds, now a programmer for Transmeta Corp. in Santa Clara, California. While Torvalds isn't directly connected to the tidal wave he started, most Linux-related companies that go public pay (literally) Torvalds proper respects. "Let's face it," he says, "if Linux continues on like this, I'll never have to worry about going hungry again."

Of course, the path to success is often lined with roadblocks. One of our 1998 picks hit a particularly hard one. ANDREW WIEDERHORN's real estate development company, Wilshire Financial Services Group in Portland, Oregon, was forced to declare bankruptcy in 1999. "Traditionally, we've acquired troubled assets from banks and tried to improve them, and now we find ourselves a troubled asset," Wiederhorn says. Still, the 33-year-old isn't

about to give up. "I'm ready to stop playing defense, and go back out on the hunt." Spoken like a true entrepreneur.

—Ben Kaplan



including the AFL-CIO and American Federation of Teachers unions and the Petroleum Marketers Association of America.

Jim STUART

AGE: 32 CLAIM TO FAME: Founded Stuart Mixer Commercial and made it a major player in the most explosive commercial



real estate market in America: Las Vegas. Following a merger in March, the company, now called Colliers, has expanded its menu to include property and asset management, demographic analysis and statistical analysis for developers and builders. "I was in the right spot at the right time when the Vegas economy really began to surge," says Stuart, who is also a founding partner of the soon-to-launch Realcentric.com, a portal for the commercial real estate industry.

TICKET TO ENTRY: The company closed nearly \$250 million in deals last year, up from \$170 million the year before.

Joseph WINOGRAD

AGE: 31 CLAIM TO FAME: Spearheaded the development of audio watermark technology, which leaves an indelible copyright imprint on music, movies, television and radio broadcasts. The technology, which hit the market in late 1998,



can prevent illegal duplication and makes it much easier for companies to monitor radio airplay so they can guarantee accurate playlists and correct compensation for artists. "The watermark buried into the recording or broadcast will stay with it forever," says Winograd, chief technology officer at Cambridge, Massachusetts-based ARIS Technologies. "It's practically impossible to alter it without destroying the audio."

TICKET TO ENTRY: ARIS is at the forefront of the Secured Digital Music Initiative, working with such industry players as BMI, the American Federation of Musicians, Sanyo and Hitachi.

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P.O.V. PRESENT

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TENNIS, ANYONE?

ANNA KOURNIKOVA HAS GOT IT ALL: STUNNING LOOKS, MILLIONS OF DOLLARS, THRONGS OF RABID GUYS PAINTING HER NAME ON THEIR CHESTS. SHE MIGHT ALSO BE THE MOST MARKETABLE FEMALE ATHLETE IN THE WORLD. BUT THE ONE THING ANNA WANTS MOST MAY BE THE HARDEST TO GET. ANNA WANTS TO WIN. BY TY WENGER. PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK PLATT.





It's an oppressive July day at a WTA tennis exhibition in suburban Mahwah, New Jersey—just one of the several hard-court tune-ups that lead up to September's U.S. Open. The mercury is bubbling its way to 100. The heat index rates a solid 110. The temperature near the surface of the court? Try sticking your face in an oven.

But for five college-aged guys in the stands, it's not the heat that's making them crazy. As they display their hand-painted chests to the sellout crowd of 7,100, it is clear what is giving them the fever: A-N-N-A! read their collective torsos.

Standing on the court, Anna Kournikova is the thirteenth-ranked female tennis player in the world. In her four years as a pro, she has never won a singles tournament, or reached the singles finals of a Grand Slam event. She is playing Amanda Coetzer, the world's ninth-ranked woman, in the relatively meaningless A&P Tennis Classic. So what, exactly, has drawn these rabid guys like moths to a sweltering flame? A lifelong love of women's tennis? The chance to witness riveting ground strokes?

More likely, it's Kournikova's ass.

Rarely in the history of sports marketing has an athlete received quite this much attention based simply on looks. Ask a guy what he knows about Anna Kournikova, and he'll probably mention some or all of

the following: She's the Lolita who reportedly started dating Detroit Red Wings all-star Sergei Fedorov when she was sixteen. She's the Russian babe who was named one of *People's* 50 Most Beautiful People. She's the vixen who responded to various British tabloid photos of her behind with, "Hey, it wasn't fat." In other words, Anna Kournikova is a famous eighteen-year-old tennis player who's famous for just about everything except playing tennis.

All of which means that if Kournikova could just win a few titles, there's no telling how frighteningly famous—and wealthy—she could become. She's already landed endorsement deals with Adidas, Yonex, Charles Schwab and Berlei sports bras, among others, bringing her between \$5 million and \$10 million a year. A recent survey of advertising directors and marketing executives named her the world's most marketable female tennis player. She even fronts her own Sony PlayStation game, Anna Kournikova's Smash Court Tennis. The Anna brand has landed.

Now all that's left? To start winning tennis tournaments—a task for which she should be well-armed. Kournikova left her home in Russia at age nine to live and train in Florida at Nick Bollettieri's Tennis Academy, and the all-court skills she's acquired since then are some of the strongest in tennis: powerful ground strokes, ferocious

overheads, a deft touch at the net. When teamed with Martina Hingis, she won the doubles title at this year's Australian Open. On her own, at one point or another, she's beaten four of the top five players.

How serious is Kournikova about this whole tennis racket? Well, her agency, Advantage International, has launched a full-court offensive to retool her image: sex is out, sports is in (and she doesn't respond to questions about Fedorov). This interview, to wit, is the first one-on-one she has granted in over a year. Sure, trying to tone down this Russian Rocket is a bit like squirting water on Chernobyl, but you get the point: these days, Anna Kournikova is all about tennis.

But no one can stop you from staring.

At a recent tournament in California there was a guy who held up a sign that said, I HATE TENNIS, BUT I LOVE ANNA. That says something about your appeal.

I think any athlete would be happy if people are coming especially to see them. That's why we compete for people to see us. But when I go out on the court I just think about the tennis. I think about what I have to do, what I've been working on, what I've been practicing, and that's all.

You had great success as a junior; you were the number-one junior in the world. But while you have some success on the pro tour, you haven't won a sin-

gles title. Is that frustrating?

There is a time for everybody, and I tell myself that if I keep on working, my time will come and I will win that first tournament, for sure. I just have to work hard and it will happen—now or later. Still, I love to win. Any victory is enjoyable. It's hard to beat anybody, from number one to one thousand, so you win against anybody and you know that you worked for it.

So many players today seem like one-dimensional machines: they can do one thing, but not anything else. How did you turn out differently?

I always try to do different things. I guess it's a little bit of talent, also, having good hands. I try to create something different and I try new things. I don't like boring stuff, you know? I'm a very excitable person. I like exciting stuff. I like exciting play.

Some female tennis players have risen very fast, then burned out from the intensity of the tour. Is that something you're on guard against?

You need to have brakes; you have to know when to stop. Then everything is fine. You just have to manage a normal life and not try to go for too much right away. You need to be careful. And you have to have the right people around you to help you.

Right now women's tennis is more popular than the men's game—in terms of television ratings, fan appeal—why do you think that is?

I think we have a lot of different personalities right now, and a lot of different generations—Seles, Sanchez and all those players, and the young ones: Williams, Hingis, me. It's a great mix of characters on and off the court and that's why it's so appealing. And the competition is really tough. Number 30 can beat number 2 or number 1 every tournament—and that happens.

Do you think the women's style of play is more entertaining to watch than the men's?

Yeah. Women are women and they will always be women. Sometimes they are nervous—you always can tell right away. Men just play; whoever hits hardest wins. But women, we try to play smart, because we know we can't overpower anybody because we don't have that much power. So we try to outplay each other, and that's why women's tennis is more creative.

Your agency is trying to manage your image—presenting you as more of a tennis player than maybe

the sex symbol you've been seen as in the past. Is that a conscious effort on your part?

Not at all. I just think the media has tried to make it look that way, not me. It was just overexaggerated. I'm still the same person I was before. People just don't change overnight. Everything I do is natural, but the media misrepresents it, that's all.

Why do you think we do that?

You need something exciting to sell.

Do you actively try to avoid reading about yourself?

I don't try to avoid it—but I guess I'm just not looking in the right places if I wanted to read about myself. *[laughs]*

You should try reading the British tabloids—they love you. You say the most innocuous thing and they run a full-page story on it. What's that all about?

I don't know. The funny thing is, I really like England—and I guess England likes me. *[laughs]*

What's the part about being an athlete that you think most people don't understand?

That you have to really live it 24 hours a day. You have to focus, eat right, sleep, work out, practice, play matches and you have

all these responsibilities in terms of the fans and the media. Just everything. We work very hard—I spend four hours on the court, one hour on conditioning, and then I have to do all these other things and sleep and eat three times a day and all of that leaves very little time for anything else.

Is it less glamorous than people think?

For sure, yeah. Of course, there are parties and stuff, but I don't go to a lot of them. I just have to go because the sponsors are there, to say thank you for organizing this tournament—but not to have a crazy time. I'm a normal person. I like to stay at home, watch a little TV if I can.

You signed with an agent when you were nine and left Russia for Florida. Do you ever feel like you missed out on your childhood?

I always felt I was living older than my years because I had, not a job, but a sport to do. I had responsibilities. I had to go practice. I had to organize myself. But I really enjoyed

all that stuff. I always packed my own bags. I liked the equipment and the clothes and everything. So it was a lot of fun for me. I couldn't have wished for a better childhood.

Plus, I was able to come to America and drink Coca-Cola and swim in pools and chew bubble gum—which I couldn't do in Russia—it was just the best!

You hear stories about kids being pushed into careers at an early age. Not the case with you?

No, not at all. I took advantage of it. I was on the courts all day and just hitting the yellow tennis balls and playing with other kids and having a lot of fun.

Do you have any difficulty going back to Russia now and relating to people?

No, what's funny is I still remember how hard it has been there, so I don't take things for granted. I know about hard work.

From a marketing standpoint, do you ever feel pressure to act a certain way?

No. I think people like me for me. I have great relationships with my corporate partners. We're in long-term relationships. I'm not just using the products—we actually work together.



ADVANTAGE, ANNA: Kournikova's versatile play is Russian roulette to opponents.

You have guys at your tournaments painting your name on their chests. Is there a downside to having men follow you around the tour like love-sick puppies?

I don't know. I guess not. At least they have something to do. *[laughs]* When I'm playing a tournament, there are always a lot of commercials and advertisements for it. So if I'm walking down the street, they'll always say, "Oh! There she is!" But it doesn't bother me. I get excited if I see something interesting, so I guess they get excited, too.

When, during all of this—the travel, the practice, the fans—do you feel like you are at your happiest?

Well, my work brings me a lot of happiness. I am a tennis player; I have been since I was five. When I'm on the court and I'm feeling great, I'm like, *Wow, this is the best, this is why I'm here*. When I'm playing great and I feel good, that's when I'm happy.

So I guess, in the end, it all comes back to that little yellow tennis ball.

Ty Wenger is the features editor of P.O.V.



They don't carry heat-seeking, poison-tipped darts. They won't be found shooting bullets out of their umbrellas. But for the men who traffic in corporate espionage, it's a booming, high-stakes business. Our man dips into the billion-dollar battlefields of the corporate spy, and learns how the new Cold War will be waged.

SPIES LIKE US

By Marc Herman • Illustration by Michael Klein



Stratégie

Ressources

Salaire

CONFIDENTIAL

Money has made Silicon Valley prosper—it has also made it ugly. The towns all run together. The landscape all looks the same. Driving south, the only way to mark your progress is to watch the stores repeat, like a loop tape. You count Safeways to navigate. Between the Safeways are smaller, less useful stores housed in unfortunate, forgettable architecture, selling orange terra cotta roofing tiles and other artifacts of suburban living. Linking it all is a graph of black parking lots, acres of hot tar spread like lava, occupying perhaps half of every town. It's beside one of these parking lots, in a suburb with the cloying name of Millbrae, that I meet the spy. ♦ The meeting is set for a Starbucks in a strip mall. At first he sits, silently, with a stranger at a corner table and lets me try to ferret him out. He has to "surveil" me, as he later puts it, to be sure I'm no threat. It's unclear what sort of threat, other than boredom, rears up in a suburban Starbucks, but Rick Orloff, PI, knows his business and I am not about to tell him how to do it. Just as I am ready to give up on him, he appears at the door and corrals me into a booth without introducing himself.

Orloff heads his own private investigation agency, and spends plenty of time undercover, inside companies or outside employees' houses with a camera. Often, he goes undercover for companies, posing as an employee and spying on other employees to see if they are stealing the merchandise. He also helps companies break strikes, by finding out when they're happening, and what the internal divisions, if any, might be.

For a fee, Orloff keeps an eye on everything, a sort of living, breathing secret camera. He's the kind of person who makes civil libertarians uneasy by his very existence. He's the guy you're pretty sure is looking at you, but you aren't sure why—after all, you don't really want to believe your boss is so paranoid as to actually hire someone to watch you at work. Well, your boss *is* that paranoid, which is why Orloff makes a good living.

On first impression, Orloff also appears to be something of a self-parody. He has the half-relaxed bearing of an off-duty cop; he's about about five-foot-seven, white ("Caucasian," he'd corrected over the phone), medium build, habitually rubbing his cell phone like a fetish and sporting a goatee that, surprisingly, suits him. He wears a tan leather jacket that would have looked good with a varsity letter. He's got a marginally concealed handgun slung in a holster under his arm and drives a black Trans Am. About the gun: it's unclear whether he is trying to be theatrical or is actually disturbed. I try to recall the last time I heard about a shootout in a Starbucks.

They'll tell you the pen is mightier than the sword, but to really believe that while sitting across from an armed stranger requires a lot of optimism. After a minute we move to a table outside. He's too hot inside, but can't remove his jacket without revealing his piece. He dives into particulars quickly. He's been in the spy business "about ten years," beginning in his midtwenties. He now runs his own firm, R&R Investigations, "Corporate Investigations for your Business Future." Often that means run-of-the-mill private-eye work. He's investigated workers' compensation fraud ("Sit in a car for six hours waiting to catch a guy with back trouble practicing his golf swing"), nailed

people stealing merchandise and tracked employee drug use.

But the rest of his work could be fairly called corporate espionage. This work goes one of two ways: depending on the client, he could catch spies in a company's midst; or for a price, he could be the spy, cracking a competitor, so far as is legal.

So far as is legal. Everything Orloff does is legal, he strains to keep clear. His business is catching criminals on behalf of corporations, or mining information through "open sources"—online searches, talking to former employees, providing evidence with which to analyze public moves in finance or marketing. It seems like interesting work in a technical, business school sort of way, but not particularly cloak and dagger. If the image of a spy is of cars with OIL-SLICK buttons, baccarat games played with government cash and ambiguously accented, high-cheek-boned molls who may or may not be trying to kill you, this is a disappointment. The money, however, ain't bad.

"Let's say you're a foreign company," Orloff says, hands folded on the table. "You find out that your competition is coming out with a new widget. It's going to cost \$20 million for the R&D to develop it yourself. Or you could steal it for \$1 million. What would you do?" In more than a few cases, he argues, you'd steal it, and you wouldn't be alone. The National Counterintelligence Center, a federal agency charged with catching spies, estimates that economic spying in the United States results in as much as \$25 billion a year in losses. The White House believes the number to be \$100 billion. Recent FBI figures go as far as to say spies pilfer up to \$300 billion annually in research and sales from American companies, mostly from the high-tech sector. A lot of zeros any way you count them. In fact, the government ranks "Economic Espionage" as the fourth most critical threat to national security, one behind weapons proliferation, two ahead of something called "Targeting the U.S. Government." In other words, corporate spying is a big damn deal.

To a large degree, it's not rogues or hired moles behind it. It's friends. About three-fourths of reported losses, says a recent

report from the American Society for Industrial Security, an industry watchdog, occurred domestically, and the majority of these incidents involved trusted relationships: employees, vendors, contractors, retirees and so forth. In incidents where the nationality of the perpetrator was known, less than one-quarter were foreign nationals.

All of which should come as no surprise. Greed knows no loyalties. If you work for a bank, a technology firm, a law office, an automotive manufacturer, anywhere with sensitive information—meaning virtually any industry larger than a lemonade stand—your company's secrets are quite valuable. And value creates temptation. "If you go and you hire John because he was very good at developing this code, and he quits and comes to work for you, that's fair game," explains Orloff. "Where he crosses the line is when he takes out his Zip disk and he downloads all that work that he's been doing for the last two years. That's where he crosses the line. And that download could be worth millions of dollars."

So could going into business for yourself. Say you're an engineer for a large disk-drive company. After three years on the job, you and your three closest colleagues develop a faster, better way of storing information. You go out to celebrate, have a few drinks and talk too

company left to form their own start-up. This new product was very similar to something these employees had been working on. So their old company had reason to believe these employees had stolen the idea, were going to develop it quickly and set themselves up to be bought by the competition." The investigator on the case also believes that the competition may have been behind the entire scam.

No one could prove collusion by the competition in the case—which is currently pending and is discussed only on condition of anonymity—but a theft of millions of dollars worth of technology surely occurred. The spying ended when counterspies "went in" to the new start-up's offices (the investigator claims they didn't break in, but also admits they weren't exactly invited) and found evidence of the stolen designs on the company computers. The counterspies brought that information back to the parent company, which promptly dropped it on their former employees like a ton of legal bricks.

The glue case was similar. A foreign company wanted to steal secrets from the Avery Dennison company of Pasadena, California, the guys who make most of the glue on the back of mailing labels and such. In September 1997, the Cleveland office of the FBI arrested a 71-year-old Taiwanese man, Pin Yen Yang, and his daughter as they board-

THE END OF THE COLD WAR MAY HAVE PUT A LOT OF TRADITIONAL SPIES OUT OF WORK, BUT IT OPENED THE FLOODGATES TO INDUSTRIAL SPOOKERY. EVERYONE CAN NOW.

much. Word gets around that you have cracked the technical problem that's been deviling the industry for ten years. Two weeks later, you and your colleagues have drawn up a business plan, approached a venture capitalist and started a company that just happens to make disk drives. Six months later a major computer company buys your new company out, and gets the technology you were developing for your former employer, who just happened to be your new parent company's competition. You're rich. Your old bosses are ripped off. Your new bosses get R&D your old company paid for. Sure it's illegal. Now prove it.

Old-style spies are not only changing their ways and means, but in some cases have been replaced by comparatively average people, stealing huge amounts of money with only limited amounts of guile. The end of the Cold War may have put a lot of traditional spies out of work, but it opened the floodgates to industrial spookery. Economic security is, from the point of view of an out-of-work spy, now a bigger part of national security. So the most important intelligence to gather isn't so often about bombs, but about something as innocuous as, in one case, mailing-label glue. Everyone can be James Bond now.

"Worked a case down in Fremont," says a PI, not Orloff, in nearby Oakland. "Some employees of a particular technology

ed a plane for New York. They were on their way to see the U.S. Open tennis tournament. According to a Department of Justice statement, Yang is the President of Four Pillars Enterprise Company, a Taiwanese company that sells "pressure sensitive products" in Asia and the United States. "The pair was arrested after negotiating with an employee of Avery Dennison to obtain additional trade secrets." That employee turned out to be an FBI informant. As the deal was closed—money for information on how to make a better sticky label, of all things—in came the Feds, and out went those seats at Flushing Meadows. The trade secrets in question—it's unclear what sort of mysteries the world of postal glue holds, but we'll trust the government on this one—were worth an estimated \$50 million to \$60 million.

Envelope glue in Cleveland may not be a jewel heist in Monaco, but 50 million bucks is 50 million bucks. And Yang and daughter would have gotten away with it, the FBI says, if they had hired a better spy.

A few weeks after meeting Orloff at the

Starbucks, I decide to see how hard the corporate spying trade is myself. The easiest way in is to get a job. It's the fastest route to information; if I want to get hold of some valuable information, I can either sneak in and steal it or, more easily, just put myself in a position to have it handed right to me. I apply for positions at two Internet companies in San Francisco, both privately held and based in "Multimedia Gulch," locus of San Francisco's booming new-media industry.

It's not my intention to work long. There's a difference between a disloyal employee and being a spy: intentions. I'm not an opportunist with a job. I'm a spy getting a job because it's the only way to get the information I want. When I get it, I'll quit. Until then, if anyone asks why I'm poking through the files, I'll be able to say, "because it's my job." If someone was really backing me, I'd plant a thumbnail-sized mic or a camera the size of an eraser in the boss's office or a minuscule tape recorder under the CFO's desk. All are available at any spy shop—in Washington, D.C., there's one right on Connecticut Avenue, a mile or so from the White House.

I make a few calls first to gauge what, if anything, I'm up against, and how I might thwart it. "To effectively employ countermeasures," says Bill Rhoads, ex-CIA and military intelligence officer, current president of Sparta, a corporate security firm in Kentucky, "you have to know

how this technology works." In other words, it takes a spy to catch a spy. Rhoads is a frighteningly efficient man; kind, but direct in the sort of way that makes him sound like a recording. He only answers the questions he's asked, as specifically as possible, then stops talking. Silence doesn't seem to bother him. He isn't rude, but it's clear he'll never be too helpful, either. He's exactly what you would figure a former intelligence man to be like. If the company I am heading for has hired him, or anyone like him, to watch its back door, I figure I'm not going to get too far with my on-site experiment.

Debriefed by Rhoads (who doesn't know what I'm up to), I head to my first job interview. It's a cattle call: a few dozen of us, enough to be issued name tags, are there. We're ushered into a brick room filled with cubicles and exposed wood—severely postindustrial, dark as a cave except for some purplish halogens. No one seems over 35. Most of the spies I've been talking to are older than that: ex-cops, former intelligence officers, that sort of thing. But Orloff and Rhoads both spoke about the increase in computer break-ins, and that means young people, hackers and technologists—people hiding in places exactly like this. People like me.

The incentives for spies are the same here as anywhere: fast cash and a scene that's easy to get lost in. Even the company's hiring procedure seems to be less a vetting process than a dash to boundless prosperity. Not a minute into the interview, the company representative is talking about stock options. Microsoft has sent acquisitive signals. The VCs might pony up more money. The IPO, when it comes, will break hearts in Singapore and Santa Clara, she says. She's a professional recruiter with fluttery hands. She says we are sitting in the office of the Ur-company of the next millennium (flutter, flutter). She

SO YOU WANT TO BE A SPY?

First off, you probably don't. The hours stink, the work isn't steady and if you do something illegal, the 1996 Economic Espionage Act has a whole set of felonies to slap you with. You might also get the crap beaten out of you, if your victims believe you deserve it. Finally, before deciding to become a corporate spy, try to accept that you will not get to drive an Aston Martin and you will not spend evenings with mysterious, beautiful double agents with knives in their hair; unless you already do so now. You're going to be sitting behind a desk in a dark room typing, or in a parked car trying not to fall asleep, waiting for someone to take out their trash so you can poke through it.

That said, there are a number of ways to delve into the corporate spy business. The most obvious is to start stealing information from your own company, and then take it to another interested

party for sale. We don't advise you do that and refuse to help you here, lest we get thrown in the pokey ourselves.

A wiser thing to do is to become a private investigator. In most states an apprenticeship is necessary. The length of that training period, usually served under a currently licensed PI, varies. It often helps to be a former cop. This allows you to fulfill many of the requirements for a private investigator's license with your job experience. In California, for example, you need 6,000 hours of experience to get a license, at which point companies can hire you to snoop on whatever they decide you should snoop on. And you can decide how or whether to do that.

Not shockingly, another common path into corporate spying is to have experience in government spying. The intelligence services include the

CIA, the FBI, the Defense Intelligence Agency, the National Security Agency, the National Imagery and Mapping Agency and the National Reconnaissance Office. The latter agency is so secret that its existence wasn't even revealed until the midnineties.

Finally, you can chuck the whole corporate angle and just apply to the CIA's Clandestine Service Trainee program, or the National Counterintelligence Center. If accepted, you may be trained to spy or counterspy on entities deemed important or threatening to national security. In both cases, a college degree and foreign language skills—Middle Eastern or Asian particularly—are essential. The downside here is life might get more exciting than you would hope for. Meaning, you may meet the beautiful double agent after all, but she may indeed kill you.

—M.H.

tells us we are lucky to get in on the ground floor (flutter, flutter, flutter). "There are jobs for all of you!" she says. And when we get them, we will work hard for six months, then bathe in Champagne for a thousand years. Or something like that.

Yet there are only cursory inspections required to enter this apparently pulsating orb of wealth, no badges and nothing to sign. No one seems to be keeping track of us. During a scheduled break, I stroll around the office. It's night and the cubicles are empty. I check the desks. Nothing left lying out seems terribly confidential, but nobody stops me from looking, either.

One young staffer I do encounter, working late, says he has been there less than a year and is already hitting the company's senior levels. What would this company's competition pay a mole? Further, what would a start-up in England or Germany or France pay for a mole?

"Everyone knows the technologies out there; you can look at a company's Web site and see what they're doing," explains a Silicon Valley engineer, who requested that his name not be printed for fear of losing his stock options. "At the very least you can look at that functionality and de-engineer it." Web sites are public domain, and everyone can figure out how they are constructed. "The people making millions are not making their millions because they've

many things to do to actually keep track of us, and soon I am full of information I imagine I am not supposed to have. I know when the product is going to market, and the problems the product had in production, I know which of those problems are fixed and which are fixed but will probably break again. I know how the management works, and where it fails to work. I have access to marketing information. I have access to technical information. Give me six months, I can get the financials. I have access and egress to the company's files. In short, I don't know what plays we intend to run, but I do have the playbook.

So now I know more than I should, and more than the competition does, about a Silicon Valley firm that is worth more money than you or I have or can reasonably hope to ever encounter. Not bad considering I have no physical face at the company. Meetings take place via e-mail, and coworkers have names like "Rema357@moneymachine.net." I have signed no confidentiality agreements, no nondisclosure agreements, no employment contracts and none of the other spurious forms that would allow the company to own or even locate me at some later date. Sure, they arrive, but I just ignore them. No one notices. I suspect Rick Orloff would be suspicious of me. And in a different world, with a different set of priorities, he'd have a reason to be, because maybe

I'd be

FROM MARKETING INFO. TO TECHNICAL INFO. I KNOW MORE THAN I SHOULD ABOUT A SILICON VALLEY FIRM WORTH MORE MONEY THAN YOU OR I HAVE OR CAN REASONABLY HOPE TO EVER ENCOUNTER.

got some kind of great technology," he continues. "They're making it because they got there first."

I spend two hours wandering around the Internet firm looking for anything interesting—overtly, openly and legally. All the computers are left on. I sit at one of the desks for a while fiddling with a keyboard, seeing what's available. No one cares.

"You can do sweeps on construction sites," Rhoads says later. "Someone pays a worker to run an extra wire in the wall during construction [of a new office building]. They're hard-wiring the bugs into the building before the company has even moved in."

My next interview turns out to be with another slapdash operation racing through its birth—"ramping up," as they say—a merry band of profiteers chasing their young founder's particular dream with the impatience of Pony Express riders. I get the job easier than catching a cold. My interview takes ten minutes, by phone. It's an online marketing firm: We're creating a set of Internet destinations that will make it easier to match products on the market to particular buyers. My job, more or less, is to write the copy convincing the people what they need to buy. A few sites of this kind are coming online, and this company is hoping to get up first and kill the others off quickly.

I work. Inside of a month, it's clear the supervisors have too

putting this information up for sale. Maybe no one would buy it—those billions in losses to spies aren't strictly the result of information bought and sold. But I might still be able to take money that should be earned by my company, and earn it for someone else. Or, better yet, for myself.

So I could leave today. Disappear with the plans and build my own e-widgets, or better, go to the competition—which, incidentally, just went public for a few billion—and get a hefty raise. We'll call what I know about my company just more qualifications. We'll call the difference between my current salary and what I'll rake in from the new one just a smart career move. We'll call it something other than theft, or espionage, and then I'll go buy a sailboat with the earnings.

But I'll know I was a spy. No one else will, but I will. That's the way it works best, I get what I need...and then I'm gone in a puff of smoke.

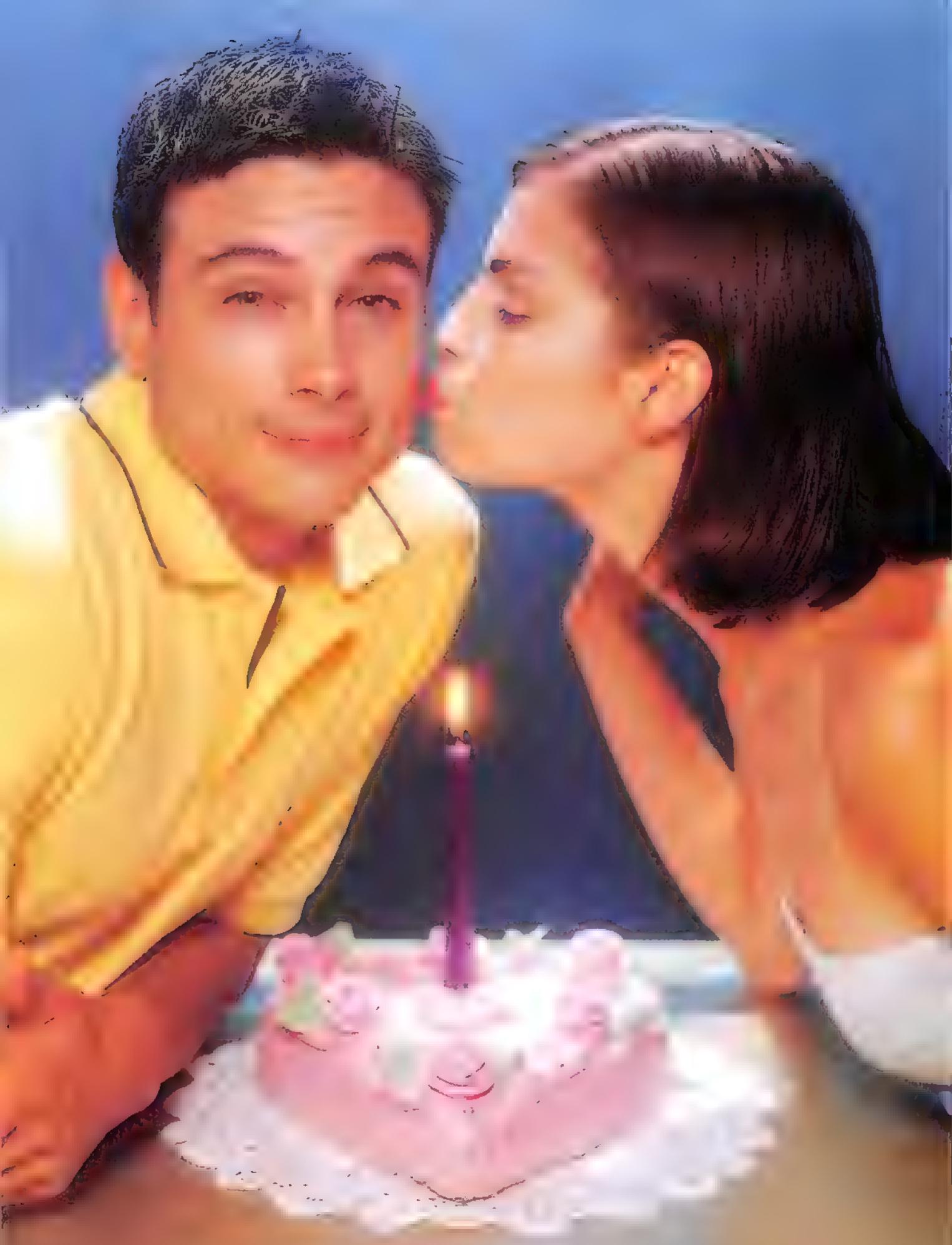
Bay Area-based writer Marc Herman has written for Spin, Might and Mother Jones. This is first piece for P.O.V.

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GIRL

Every guy has different standards for the girl of his dreams: a sense of humor, a great bod, a love of *SportsCenter*. But perhaps the most important factor is one you'd never imagine: her age. We explain how to find the girl who's birthday-suited for you.

BY TED RALL • PHOTOGRAPH BY RODERICK ANGLE



I've dated really old. I've dated really young. Some call me indiscriminate. I consider myself open-minded. However you term it, the results have been disastrous. ♦ I began learning this back in college. Take Anna, who picked me up on the way out of sophomore physics class. "Wanna come to my room to study tonight?" she asked, almond-brown eyes twinkling wickedly, astonishingly full breasts heaving in perfect sync to her query, under a furry pink sweater. I liked being nineteen. ♦ "The last time a girl asked me to her dorm to study," I sighed wearily, "she actually wanted to *study*. That woman was so shallow—all she wanted was my mind." ♦ "Well," she smiled, "I'm taking physics pass-fail."

Anna was 27. Being 27 meant that she knew how to bribe a cop, get invited backstage after a rock concert and negotiate shortcuts around rush-hour traffic. She also understood certain things about sex—scary, fun things that I'd never even read about in *Penthouse Forum*.

Still, there was something missing. You've heard of the gender gap? This was the experience gap: She'd spent years working full-time jobs, whereas I could

teen. That didn't stop me—not right away.

"I'm really worried about my SATs," Michelle confided over eats at some bar with a mounted '55 Cadillac. "but I think I can get good enough letters of recommendation to get into Wisconsin."

Like those moments of sudden narrative understanding in *The Wonder Years*, that's when I realized that age is more than a number.

Our Secret Formula
Many guys have perfectly fulfilling romances, and even marriages, with much older women. But those guys are strange. The vast majority of women want nothing to do with younger guys, despite their tighter skin and presumably superior sexual stamina, and for good reason—at any given age, women are sharper and more mature than their male counterparts.

Men, however, don't have a big problem venturing down the age ladder. We notice time's effect on the fairer sex: the no-longer-gravity-defying chest, the work-drained eyes that sink in like Christopher Walken's, the varicose veins and laugh lines and cellulite.

So as the Big Three-O looms, many guys look back fondly on the girls they dated in college. Unable to accept the terrible truth that they no longer belong in that demographic, they haunt bars frequented by students, where the jukeboxes play songs they've never heard. They hit on the twenty-year-olds, never considering their own balding pates and beer-fed paunches, because they think their prey's innocent nubility affords them an opportunity to start their ro-

No one who has paid a cable bill or worked until nine the evening of the big game or advised a younger sibling to grow up has anything whatsoever to say to anyone who owns a fake ID.

go on at length about my labor-management struggles with the night manager at Freedom Foods. She'd had boyfriends, live-in boyfriends, a marriage and a divorce. She owned a car and a co-op. I, on the other hand, lived in a dorm room with a Stiv Bators poster on the wall.

I dumped her before she figured it out.

By the time I was 22, I'd managed to get myself thrown out of college, fired from my job and evicted from my apartment. I was down and out, living with two fellow flunkies, Chris and Dave. Dave introduced my far-more-worldly-by-then ass to his girlfriend's best pal, Michelle. Michelle and I hit it off pretty much as well as two people can: we were going at it an hour after we met. A few weeks later, I found out that she was six-

At a point in history where so much seems arbitrary, date of birth is destiny. It determines whether or not you like the Stones or the Clash or the Smithereens or Tupac or Korn, or even if you've heard of them in the first place. It makes you wonky or worldly, clueless or wise, earnest or ironic. And though differences in age between men and women become somewhat less important as you get older, there will always be two kinds of people in the world—those who know how to work a Rubik's Cube and those who've never heard of Jimmy Carter.

Oh, I know what you're thinking: *none of that crap matters in bed*. True enough. But not even you can do the bounce 24 hours a day. What the hell are you going to do the rest of the time?

mantic lives anew, to wow the girls with their expense accounts and milk-crater-free living arrangements.

This is dumb. There ought to be an amendment to the Constitution, enforceable by punishment of death, that no one who has worked in the real world may date anyone whose primary concern in life is midterms. For no one who has paid a cable bill or worked until nine the evening of the big game or advised a younger sibling to grow up has anything whatsoever to say to anyone who owns a fake ID. Sure it's permissible, maybe even desirable, to date younger—the proper question is how much younger.

Fortunately, researchers at MIT and CalTech (OK, OK, a bunch of us over beers) have come up with the Fixed

Male-Minimum Female Age Coefficient formula, which goes as follows: you can date anyone as young as half your age plus nine years. (For all you programmers, that's $Your\ Age/2 + 9 \leq Your\ Date's\ Age$.) If you're 26, you can still work the postcollege 22-year-old set. The 30-year-old guy can still date a 24-year-old. Your 40-year-old playboy uncle can even still dip his toe into the twenties (as in 29). And that's it. Common references, common frameworks, common maturity. To restate the equation: $Your\ Age/2 + 9 = Long-Term\ Happiness$.

Your Public Persona and You: Perfect Together

Even if you delude yourself into glossing over the experience gap, there's a price to pay. We may live in an increasingly permissive society—Presidents who've smoked pot, coeds who are virtually required to experiment with bisexuality before gaining a liberal-arts degree—but guys who date too young or too old are looked down upon. A 36-year-old guy dating a 19-year-old girl is, let's face it, a lech. One of my friends, who we'll call Dale, is such a guy. Secretly, of course, all of his male friends are jealous of his sexual forays (and Dale rubs it in, showing off

nude shower photos of his young Estonian girlfriend), but we also feel kind of sorry for him: Can't he impress a chick his own age? It's a lot easier to dazzle someone whose primary income source is Dad than some 28-year-old wonderbabe who just made \$7.2 million from her third IPO. More to the point, Eurobabe may be hot in the tub, but you look like a world-class twit if you bring her to your boss's party.

Don't believe me? Consider your thoughts when you first heard about Woody Allen and Soon-Yi Previn. Despite the tabloid headlines, you probably couldn't care less about the fact that the Woodman had hooked up with his ex-girlfriend's adopted daughter. But the age difference between the sixtysomething director and his twentysomething bride was a tad nauseating. Similarly, at a party I attended recently, a well-known, advanced-aged cartoonist showed up with a new girlfriend who dressed, talked, acted like and possibly was Scary Spice.

"Isn't that Scary Spice?" a 30-year-old guy next to me whispered.

"I don't know, but she is pretty hot, no?" I replied.

"I'd do her," my compadre ruled, typically. "But that's still gross." To his point:

we're not talking sex here. (The standards for a one-night stand are strictly along legal lines: anyone over 18 is fair game, even if you're 104.) We're talking dating, which requires a certain degree of decorum in your mating habits.

The same principle applies to dating older women. Our simple corollary: $Your\ Age \geq Your\ Date's\ Age - 5$. Admittedly, there's a lot to be gained from a roll in the hay with Mrs. Robinson. Some of those clichés about learning new tricks are true, as I learned from Anna—"Hey! What are you doing? Oh, I see, never mind"—and it serves as a time-bending trip into your future sex life. But it's poor form to follow the lead of former House Speaker Newt Gingrich, who dated and eventually married his high school math teacher. Sure, he was the talk of the boys locker room, but once he hit adulthood she became an embarrassment. He famously divorced her as she recovered from surgery.

It's the References, Stupid

As with all rules, of course, there are exceptions. Some women are simply at different points in their lives than their peers. A 23-year-old woman who's been working since she was 15, ran away from home at 16 and has already served time, for instance, knows a hell of a lot more about the harsh realities of life than one who's working on her master's thesis in classical archeology. The same is true of guys—if you've led a sheltered, namby-pamby life and still live in your old room on the top bunk, you probably need to date much younger women.

But for the vast majority of people, you simply need something to talk about while you're not busy under the sheets. The average American couple only does it twice a week for twenty minutes at a time, which leaves a lot of waking hours to fill up in between. Even if you do spend all day in bed—yeah, right—it's handy to converse while whiling away the moments between doing the deed. Sure, someone who's never danced to Billy Idol or watched *Repo Man* might make an awesome lay, but if you do the math, you'll see: she'll make a lousy girlfriend.

THE AGE OF CONSENT

How young is too young? For those of you out of practice with basic algebra, we're here to lend a hand. Using our **FIXED MALE-MINIMUM FEMALE AGE COEFFICIENT** formula ($Your\ Age/2 + 9 \leq Your\ Date's\ Age$), we've culled together a list of appropriate love muffins. Sure, Natalie Portman (18) and Christina Ricci (19) might be off-limits, but as you can see, being the older male still holds many advantages. —Geoff Van Dyke

If you're... 22	If you're... 24	If you're... 26	If you're... 28	If you're... 30	If you're... 32	If you're... 34
Your date can be as young as... 20	Your date can be as young as... 21	Your date can be as young as... 22	Your date can be as young as... 23	Your date can be as young as... 24	Your date can be as young as... 25	Your date can be as young as... 26
As in... 	As in... 	As in... 	As in... 	As in... 	As in... 	As in... 
Dawson's Creek hottie KATIE HOLMES	guilty pleasure BABY SPICE	Buffy babe SARAH MICHELLE GELLAR	sultry actress MILLA JOVOVICH	divine diva LAURYN HILL	super- model TYRA BANKS	Presidential handler MONICA LEWINSKY
Legal way to date a high- schooler	Just turn down the volume first	Gotta love a woman handy with a stake	Enter <i>The Fifth Element?</i>	Makes hitting 30 palatable, no?	One way to uncover Victoria's secret	Well, you know she digs older guys...

Ted Rall is a staff writer at P.O.V.

THE DAILY

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Getting paid to play games!

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CAREER-ENDING INJURIES. INVOLUNTARY TRADES.

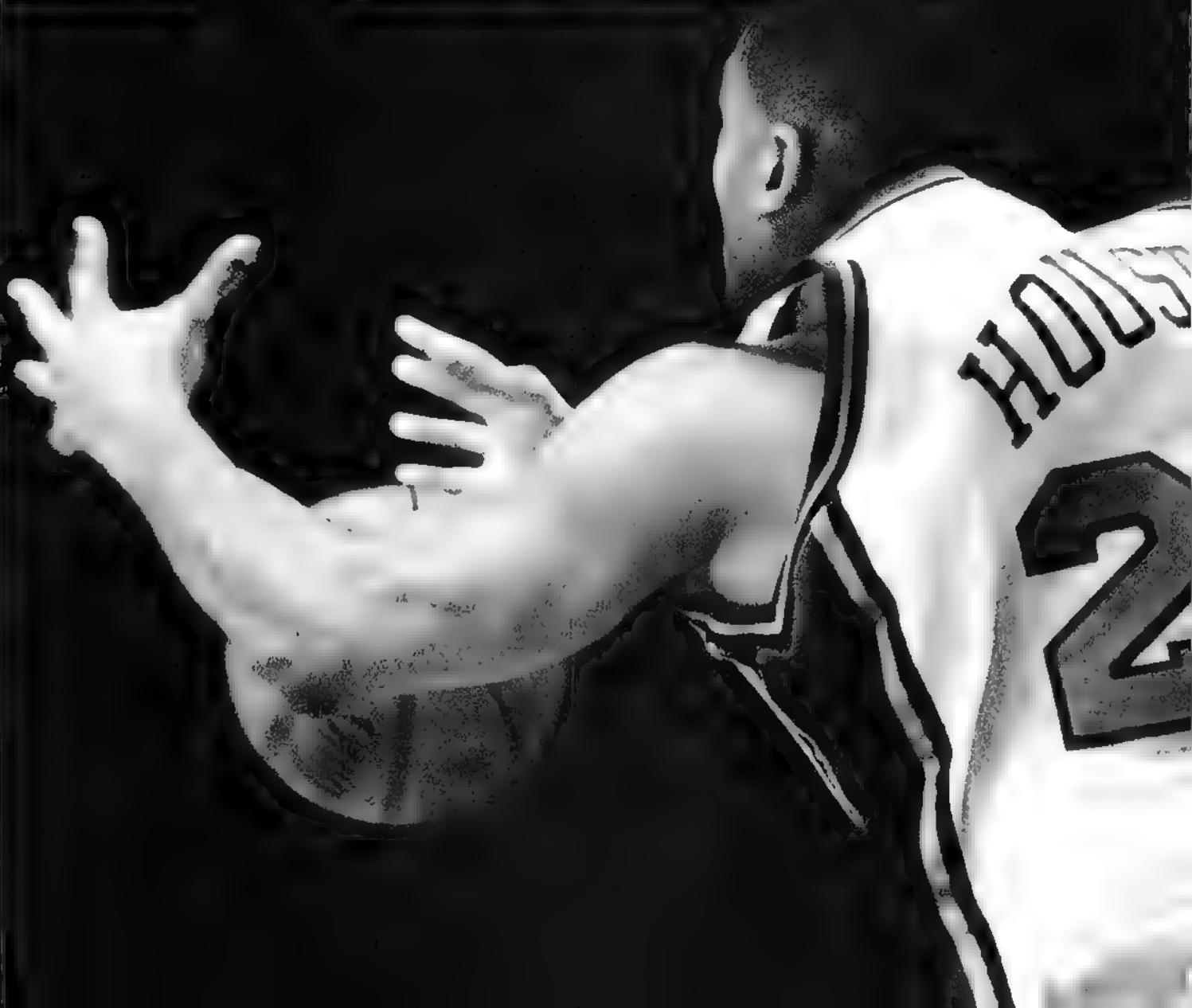
DEATH THREATS. LAST-MINUTE BRICKS. AUTOGRAPH

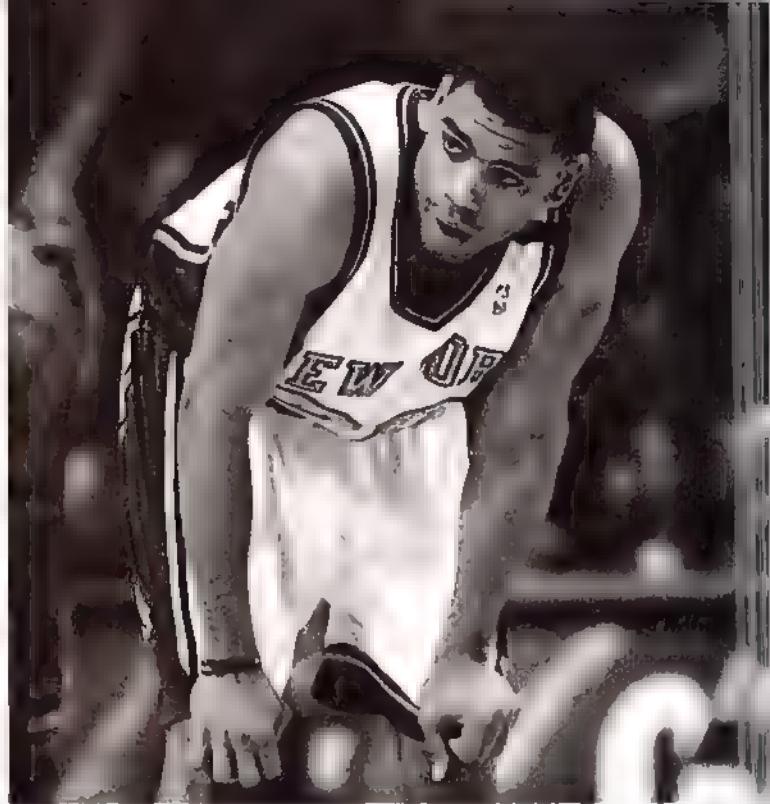
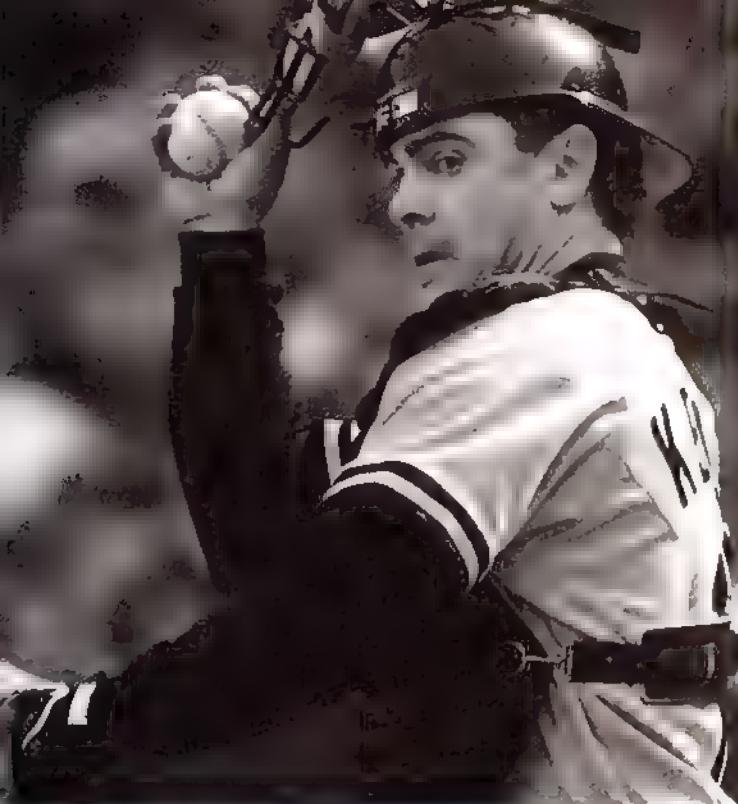
HOUNDS. SPITTING BLOOD. MRIs. SALARY ARBITRATION.

THE MIND-NUMBING ROUTINE.

BY ALAN SCHWARZ

N.D.





'M A LITTLE SCARED.' ♦ Rodney Harrison gets paid a million bucks a year not to think that way, but he can't help it. He derives his living by running full bore into bullet trains disguised as running backs, cracking ribs and collarbones, and at no point during his five-year career as the strong safety for the San Diego Chargers has he once felt frightened, intimidated, timorous, bullied, shaky, shivery or otherwise afraid. Admitting fear for an NFL football player is heresy of the highest order. Yet that humanity has invaded him, like a virus, as his left ankle throbs inside a magnetic resonance imaging machine that will determine whether a wussy injury like possible torn ligaments will keep him out of Sunday's game against the Oakland Raiders—or longer. ♦ "Hey, my foot supposed to be going numb in here?" Harrison asks, his leg plugged into a metal box with nine DANGER stickers on it that emits a low buzz and who knows what else. A nurse nearby is checking out his manila file, which lists his career X-rays: spine, chest, femur, knee, knee, kneeshoulder, ankle, ribs, knee, spine. "Oh, that's not bad at all," she says. ♦ "I really feel I did something bad to it," groans the 26-year-old Harrison, who only yesterday was named to his first Pro Bowl team. The MRI will take 45 minutes. It's a football player's St. Peter, deciding whether he'll go to the heaven of the playing field or the hell of injured reserve. Harrison lies back for the wait and says, "This is the real world right here."

JASON KENDALL IS LYING DOWN, TOO, ASLEEP IN HIS
Pittsburgh apartment. Three o'clock in the morning. He starts mumbling about work.

"Curveball...changeup..."

A few moments later, Kendall jumps up and screams, "It's outta here!!!" scaring the daylights out of his girlfriend. He clears his cobwebs and falls back to sleep.

When his alarm clock starts blaring nine hours later, Kendall, 25, is in so much pain from the previous night's game that he literally crawls to the hallway to turn it off. He keeps the alarm twenty feet away. Otherwise he'd never get up.

"Fuck..." he moans. He is the catcher for the Pittsburgh Pirates.

THE KNICKS ARE TRAILING THE SIXERS BY THREE. Seventeen seconds left. These are the moments Allan Houston lives for, his team needing him to come through in the clutch to save the game. In this case it's practically the season: New York and Philadelphia are vying for a playoff spot, and the Knicks' hopes are ticking

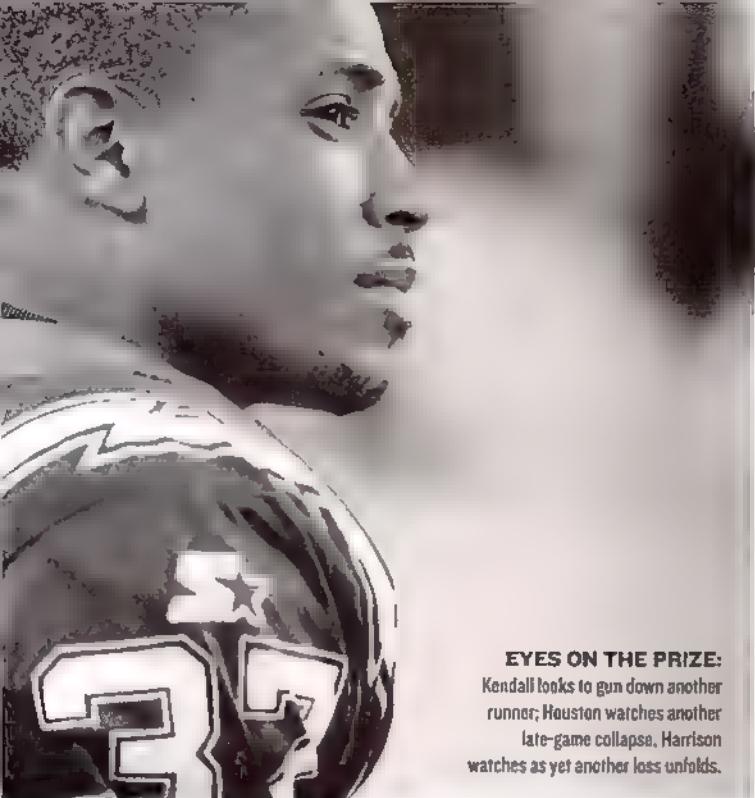
away as fast as the game clock overhead.

"New York SUCKS! New York SUCKS!" the Philly crowd chants. The Knicks' 28-year-old designated sharpshooter, Houston has missed all three of his shots in the second half, and his disappearing act is a main reason why his team is slogging its way to mediocrity. New York is a gimme-the-damn-ball town. If they question your heart, you better question your address.

The huddle breaks. Houston hangs out on the far wing as Latrell Sprewell gets the inbound pass, misses a runner in the lane, grabs the rebound and passes the ball out to Chris Childs behind the three-point arc. Just as Childs jumps to apparently take the big shot, he heaves a pass clear across the court to Houston, who catches it and squares up.

He hears nothing—no fans, no trade rumors, no headlines blaring HOUSTON GOING NOWHERE, and certainly no self-doubt. He lets it fly. That is his job.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF ALLAN HOUSTON BY PETE KUHNS.
PHOTOGRAPHS OF RODNEY HARRISON BY TED SOQUI.



EYES ON THE PRIZE:

Kendall looks to gun down another runner; Houston watches another late-game collapse; Harrison watches as yet another loss unfolds.

THEY AREN'T LIKE US. THEY DON'T PRAY THE CAR starts, they don't fear the Visa bill and they never rue the fluorescent light of a cubicle. Student loans? Good one. Professional athletes have perhaps the sweetest gigs of all time, their fortune and fame self-made, their existence free of worry and bleached of regret.

Or perhaps that's just how we prefer to see them.

Stages have curtains, and dressing rooms have doors—all to preserve the fantasy: that at show's end the performers retreat behind their limousines' tinted windows and speed off to a life the audience can only dream of. But slip behind those curtains, spend several months with these young stars, and you discover that their travels and trials—salaries notwithstanding—are not so different from yours. Stripped of celebrity's sheen, their motivations and sacrifices seem not just unenviable but even a little mundane. The daily grind, in other words, owns the ultimate backstage pass...

THE GAME IS SLIPPING AWAY. AGAIN. THE KNICKS ARE in the process of squandering their fourth late lead in a week—tonight, to the Sacramento Kings—and Allan Houston can only watch from the bench.

He is not injured. But after shooting just three for eight, playing languid defense and committing three turnovers, Knicks coach Jeff Van Gundy can no longer tolerate the sometime-star's ineffectiveness. Less than a year ago, Houston was the toast of New York, propelling the Knicks to a wild upset over the heavily favored Miami Heat in the playoffs. Now he is slumped on his sideline folding chair, staring blankly.

THE GRINDLINE

The year-by-year résumés of three pro athlete careers.

1971
4.20 TI ALLAN
HOUSTON born
in Louisville,
Kentucky

1972
12.15.72 RODNEY
HARRISON born in
Markham, Illinois

1974
6.26.74 JASON
KENDALL born in San
Diego, California

Houston watches from there as the Knicks lose 92–91, and he has no answers in the locker room afterward. "I feel," he says, "like I'm leaving the team out to dry right now."

RODNEY HARRISON STARES INTO ANOTHER MICRO-phone and snaps. The Chargers just embarrassed themselves by losing 38–17 to the Seattle Seahawks, dropping their record to 5–9. His ankle is curiously sore (the diagnosis that will lead to the MRI is still forthcoming). Harrison has been a key part of the number-one-ranked Chargers defense, but the season has become an utter waste, thanks in large part to the disastrous play of problem-child quarterback Ryan Leaf.

"You have to be totally dedicated to the organization, totally dedicated to the program, to the players," Harrison growls. "And we don't have that. If we had that, we wouldn't be in this situation. You have to want to prepare, want to go out there and work hard, want to be in there at six o'clock in the morning watching film. You see a lot of guys doing it. But you also see a lot of guys not doing it. When you don't have that total commitment, you're not going to be anything."

THE PIRATES ARE IN ATLANTA AND HAVE LOST FIVE OF six games, during which Kendall, a perennial .300 hitter and the Pirates' sparkplug, has contributed just one hit in twenty at-bats. It's not hard to identify a ballplayer in a slump: he breaks bats on dugout walls, takes three pitches down the middle because he's thinking too much, sits at his locker in a catatonic trance. On this night, Kendall is at the Westin Peachtree Plaza, staring down at the pavement from the 55th floor.

"I would never do anything like that," Kendall says later, "but there are times when it gets to you. There are times when I drive home and I want to take a left off a bridge and keep going."

The next night the Pirates lose again. Kendall boards the team charter at 11:30 PM, lands in Pittsburgh at 1:30 AM and opens the front door of his suburban condo at 2:30. Batting practice starts in fourteen hours.

HOUSTON IS KNOWN AS A FINE DEFENDER, BUT AS HE and the Knicks stumble out of the playoff chase, most of the time he's defending himself. As the son of Wade Houston—the former head basketball coach of the University of Tennessee, where Allan played his college ball—Allan is devoted to the game's fundamentals: the lithe, 6-foot-6 Houston tends to pass a lot and shies away from the in-your-face, showtime dunk moves that make the highlight reels but don't necessarily make the team better. Yet this is the NBA, an environment that celebrates those theatrics and demands them from a shooting guard—penetrating, forcing, *making things happen*. It expects aggression—not unlike that of teammate Sprewell, the coach-choking powder keg whose fiery play has put Houston's style under the microscope even more. "Allan has to learn to make himself present and make himself vis-

1978
19.80 HOUSTON, averaging 21.7
points per game (top) for Louisville's
Ballard High in his junior year, leads
his team to the Kentucky state title

1983
19.83 HOUSTON switches his college choice from the University of Louisville to the University of Tennessee after his father Wade leaves his coaching job at Louisville to become head coach of the Volunteers

1984
19.89 HOUSTON averages 23 ppg as
a senior and is chosen Kentucky's Mr.
Basketball

ible," Knicks assistant coach Don Chaney says. "I just wish he could get a little more consistent with being more assertive with taking shots and controlling the game."

The "unassertive" tag trails Houston like an eager younger cousin, and at this point in the season, he's close to throwing his hands up. "I have to really concentrate and make a conscious effort to do things to be...what I think a lot of people will say is assertive, I think is selfish," Houston says. "Nobody can see what I see on the court and feel what I feel." Asked if he fits in the NBA slam-bam-jam culture, his frustration bubbles up. "I could. I definitely could," he nods. "They see my athletic ability and my talent but they don't see me running, going behind my back, through my legs and throwing up shots. If I hadn't been a coach's son, I probably would have been all that."

THE CHARGERS HAVE TUESDAY OFF AFTER SUNDAY'S

Seahawks debacle—they spend Monday reliving film of the game that is still fresh in everyone's mind—and Harrison arrives at the team practice facility on Wednesday at 6:30 AM. The defense meets at 7, the secondary at 8, and after a ten-minute break he gets his sore ankle taped for the "walk-through" practice, during which the team rehearses plays until about 1 PM. When the final whistle blows, Harrison trudges into the locker room.

The area looks like a sneaker store just exploded—Nikes and Adidas and Reeboks are strewn everywhere, with twenty pairs inside many locker stalls. A half-naked lineman tosses his cellular phone across the room to a teammate asking to borrow it. Harrison makes his way to his locker, where he finds a yellow-and-blue lei hanging like a rainbow. It's management's sign to him that after two narrow misses, he'll be going to Hawaii in January to play in the Pro Bowl.

"[That] feels good," Harrison says, gazing at the flowers. "Just the countless hours—the sweating, the tears, out there in 100-degree weather, getting sick." Getting sick? "In my workouts, a lot. A hundred degrees, sometimes you cough it up. But you keep going."

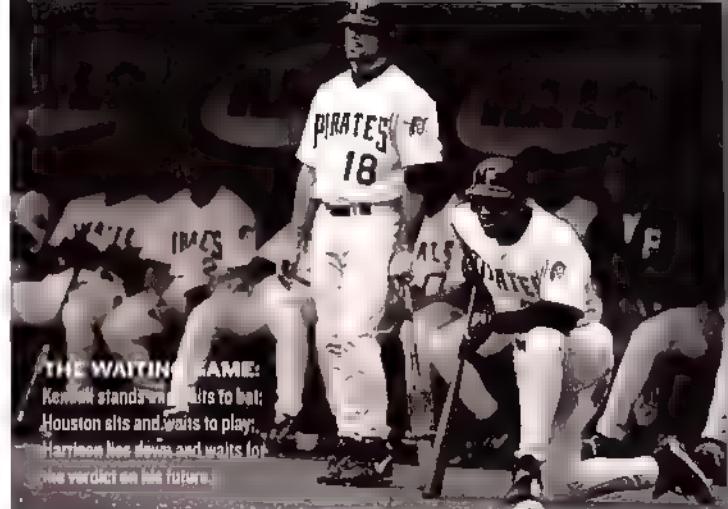
Harrison begins to get dressed. Six-foot-one and a power-packed 207 pounds, he clips on his watch, ties his belt and shifts his weight on his left foot as he turns to leave.

"Ow!" he gasps, sucking air through his teeth. *Damn.* He knew that someone had rolled over on his leg while he tackled a Seahawk on Sunday, but the pain in his ankle has gotten progressively worse. He shakes his head, now knowing he'll have to get an MRI. He limps his way out of the room.

THE PIRATES ARE LEADING 4-2 IN THE TOP OF THE

fourth inning against the Rockies at Three Rivers Stadium. Kendall is behind the plate as his pitcher, Jason Schmidt, begins to squander the lead, giving up a run-scoring single to Jeff Reed. Kendall walks out to the mound for a chat.

For all Kendall can do offensively—he's one of the best hitting catchers in baseball, tenacious, with gap power and a sur-



rising amount of speed—defense is his main focus. He has to do more than block balls in the dirt. He must know everything about his pitchers—what they can physically throw, what they can emotionally handle—and he tells Schmidt exactly what he needs to hear.

"Hey," he barks. "Pull your head out of your ass."

THE CHARGERS' DEFENSIVE BACKS SIT AT THEIR DESKS,

pens and paper before them, and watch film on a giant projection screen. D-backs coach Rod Perry, a former All-Pro himself, runs plays from the Raiders' games against the Miami Dolphins and Buffalo Bills. "Tim Brown, when he lines up in close, he likes to go out," he says of the Raiders top receiver. "When he's wide he likes to come in." Players have been known to nod off during their several hours of meetings per day—they're more painful than any late hit—but Harrison takes notes and nods attentively.

Another session features film from the Chargers' practice earlier in the day. Phrases like "double-double firedog" and "eight hammer" ricochet around the room. On the screen, during one play, the inch-high Harrison lets the tight end stray too far over the middle.

"Why is the tight end open here? Who had the tight end?" Perry asks.

"My fault," Harrison says, as he returns to scribbling notes.

IT'S 11 AM IN THE PIRATES' CLUBHOUSE, TWELVE HOURS

after a 7-2 defeat to the Rockies. They've played 21 games in 26 days, baseball's metronomic game-after-game-after-game schedule beginning to drip on them like Chinese water torture. So what are they doing in the clubhouse before today's contest? How are they escaping? By staging the Pirates vs. the Cardinals on Sony PlayStation.

"C'mon, J! C'mon, J!" Kendall yelps, coffee in hand, looking over two teammates' shoulders as his electronic self strides to the plate to face southpaw Donovan Osborne. "Man, I rake lefties, too." CyberKendall grounds the ball to shortstop. The players press the control buttons frantically, but they can't figure out

DAVID JAMES KYLE/SI SPORTS ILLUSTRATED (JASON KENDALL)

4.132 KENDALL has a national high school record with a 43-game hitting streak, he will go on to hit .549 as a senior for Torrance High in Torrance, California

8.132 KENDALL is selected number 23 overall by the Pittsburgh Pirates in the first round of the baseball draft two days later he will sign with the Pirates organization for a \$336,000 bonus

1991 | 5.20.91 HARRISON graduates from Marian Catholic High in Chicago Heights, Illinois. Where he had been named all-conference in football, basketball and track

9.13

9.13.92 KENDALL begins a season in which he will go homeless in 111 at bats with Bradenton in the rookie-level Gulf Coast League; he also leads the league with thirteen passed balls



how to make the fielder actually throw the ball. Finally they do—to third base. The players roll off their chairs in laughter.

THE KNICKS COME OUT LISTLESS, SPOTTING THE

visiting Raptors a 34–13 lead, but fight back to trail 87–81 with 1:10 left. Houston makes a three-pointer from the right wing and indulges in a slight bounce on his toes in excitement. Raptors by three. But then, on the other end of the floor, Houston darts across the middle to double-team Doug Christie, leaving Vince Carter open. Carter sticks a three to double the lead back to six, and the Knicks go on to lose, 93–90.

In the locker room afterward, several media members stake out Houston for his take on how the Knicks, with nine games remaining, would be out of the playoffs if the season ended today. One writer leans in.

"You're losing in every conceivable way now," he says. "Is there a fear that guys look at the standings and say, 'What's the use?'"

"No," Houston sighs. "I think it should never enter anybody's mind on this team that we won't be in the playoffs. That's the only way we can think."

ASK ANYONE WITH THE CHARGERS ABOUT RODNEY

Harrison's desire or character, and you'll probably hear part of this story:

The Chargers were preparing to face the Atlanta Falcons in the 1994 Hall of Fame exhibition game. It was the first chance for Harrison, the team's fifth-round draft pick out of Western Illinois University, to make an impression on his new employers. He had dreamed of this day throughout his childhood in Markham, Illinois, when he was one of the smallest kids on the field but forged his identity, his future, with hits befitting a Mack truck. But before he took his last step out of the stadium tunnel and onto the field, Harrison stopped.

"What's wrong?" a teammate asked.

"I'm so grateful to be here," Harrison said, tears crawling down his cheeks.

Harrison had been assigned to special teams to see what he

8.23.93 KENDALL hits his first professional home run for Class A Augusta; he will be named to the South Atlantic League all-star team after batting .276.

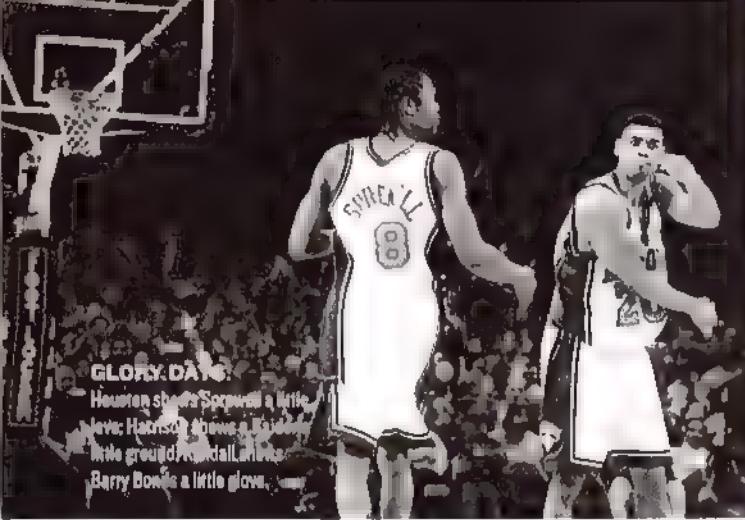
10.30.93 HARRISON sets a Western Illinois University record with 28 tackles against Western Kentucky University.

8.23.94 HOUSTON, having finished college as the thirteenth highest scorer in NCAA history, averages 21.3 ppg during his one year at the Atlanta Hawks, drafted by the Atlanta Hawks in the 1994 NBA draft.

10.94 4.23.94 HARRISON, after leaving school following his junior year, is selected number 143 overall by the San Diego Chargers in the 16th round of the NFL draft.

4.12.94 HOUSTON, during a season in which he will average 8.5 points per game, mostly as a reserve swingman, finishes fourth in the NBA Slam-Dunk Contest.

8.11.94 KENDALL is called up to the Class AA Carolina Mudcats after leading Class A Salem in batting (.318) and in stolen bases (14).



GLORY DAYS:

Houston shoots Sprewell a little
Jaw: Harrison shows a
Huge crowd of friends and fans
Barry Bonds a little glow.

burgh and all, but I ain't staying here if we're gonna be twenty games out for fifteen years. Fuck that."

HOUSTON RESTS ON A COUCH IN THE RITZ-CARLTON hotel lobby in Philadelphia, fresh off the flight from New York. It's 5:30 PM, twenty hours since he and the Knicks lost to the Raptors. Tomorrow night they play the Sixers. Houston sips on a Poland Spring water bottle, his wedding ring reflecting the chandeliers above, and stares off at a distant window while making no eye contact with his interviewer. Few athletes do anymore. Typically, they assume an airy glaze, blankly avoiding any connection, as if playing dead before a bear.

"Tupac has a song, 'Only God Can Judge Me,'" he says. "It's hard in the world [athletes] live in to not be affected or not to think about what other people think about you. But the way I think and try to think is, *Only try to please God, and not anybody else.*"

A majority of Knicks fans aren't very pleased with Allan Houston at the moment. This April stretch has been among the worst of his six-year career—with the \$8 million-a-year sharpshooter either missing several key shots at the end of games, disappearing altogether or, worst of all, being benched during crunch time. But no matter where he plays, Allan Houston's most loyal fan can be found in the nighttable of his hotel room. "No matter what happens," Houston shrugs, "God's gonna love me." It's hard to discern whether he says this out of conviction or escape.

HARRISON IS PRACTICALLY DROOLING. "HITTING GIVES me a rush. It gives me a ride like nothing in the world has given me a ride. To see a receiver coming across, stretched out, and you nail him right between the numbers, he's laid out on the ground in pain... When I see one of these pretty boys come across the middle, I just want to knock his head off." His soliloquy ends as he remembers the tape recorder's rolling. "You know, in a good way..." he smiles. "Hopefully, the NFL's not listening. That might be a grand [fine] right there."

He's gone down that road before. The NFL has tried to fine him four times for unnecessary violence, and he will lead the

1.29.05 HARRISON completes his rookie season by playing on special teams for the Chargers in Super Bowl XXXIX, a 49-26 loss to the San Francisco 49ers.

8.8.05 KENDALL is named the Southern League MVP after hitting .326 with ten stolen bases for Class AA Carolina.

55

2.17.05 HUSSON sets an all-time NBA record by nailing seven three-pointers in one half; he will go on to average 14.5 mpg and finish fifth in the NBA Most Improved Player voting.

9.10.05 HARRISON records his first career interception against the Seattle Seahawks.

1990



league with eight personal fouls this season. He made the Pro Bowl thanks mainly to his thirst for the kill. "That's his drug," teammate Junior Seau says.

"I imagine another object on the other side of that person's body," Harrison says of his technique, "and I try to run through that person's body on the way to the object." Having secured himself a comfortable living, he still defends his turf against receivers who threaten it. "You have to do whatever you have to do to intimidate those people," Harrison says. "If a guy scores a touchdown off me, he's taking food off my family's table."

JASON KENDALL: "YOU HAVE TO LET THINGS GO IN ONE ear and out the other—if you don't have the blinders on, you'll drive yourself out of this game. I'll guarantee you that 75 percent of the people in this world don't like me. But I think that might be why I am where I am today. I've had hundreds and hundreds of people tell me that I couldn't get here, this and that. You know what? Fuck you."

RODNEY HARRISON: "IT'S MENTALLY CHALLENGING, losing, losing, losing—no matter how much hard work you put in, no matter how many hours you put in in a day, you're steadily losing. It's hard to stay focused in meetings. It's hard to stay happy. It's hard to come around here. You see the same guys every day. You're spending more time with these guys than you are with your own family... After eighteen weeks of pounding and hitting and injuries and being tired and frustrated, it's very difficult to get up. Very difficult. But if you want your job, you're gonna get up."

ALLAN HOUSTON: "YOU DON'T HAVE A GUY WHO WORKS for, say, IBM, come to work every day and hear when he walks out of his office building, 'You need to do this. You need to do that,' or hear his name on the radio with a guy saying... well, I'm not going to say what you hear."

NOTHING'S COMING HIS WAY. THE RAIDERS HAVE FILM, too, and their offense spends Sunday avoiding Harrison's zone. The Raiders build a 14-3 halftime lead, scoring two touch-

4.1.96 KENDALL, at age 21, makes his Major League debut on Opening Day; he goes 3-for-4 with two RBIs against Florida's Kevin Brown, singling in his first at bat.

9.18.98 HARRISON leads the Chargers with a career-high fourteen tackles against Seattle; he will later be voted Chargers Defensive Player of the Year by teammates.

2.23.06 HUSSON nets a career-high 38 points against the Atlanta Hawks; he'll finish the season as one of the NBA's top shooting guards, averaging 19.7 ppg.

7.14.06 HUSSON leaves the Pistons as a free agent to sign a seven-year, \$56 million contract with the New York Knicks. **7.9.06 KENDALL** plays in his first of two All Star Games; he will later finish third in National League Rookie of the Year voting.



downs on the rest of the defense. He can only stand and watch, and after each score throw his arms up in disgust.

Granted, Harrison is thankful to be playing at all. Thursday's MRI proved negative, and he gingerly took part in Friday's practice before being shuttled to the team hotel Saturday night, where the players get holed up for the evening like thoroughbreds at the starting gate. "Doc would have had to cut my leg off for me not to play the Raiders," Harrison says.

Still, as the game unfolds with all the action and intrigue of a croquet match, Harrison repeatedly finds himself of little use. In the third quarter, Raiders quarterback Wade Wilson scrambles over the line of scrimmage and into the middle of the field. Harrison burns to get into position to knock Wilson into tomorrow, but Wilson slides to the turf at the last second. Harrison touches him resignedly. Today, he is a half-second late for every tackle.

THE PIRATES BEAT THE ROCKIES, 9-3, IN A THREE

Rivers Stadium too empty for the fans to even attempt a wave. The crowd reaches fever pitch only when fans vote between innings to hear specific songs and boo ABBA out of the running.

Kendall, who goes 1-for-3 and slams two pitches off his shin, has caught each of the Pirates' 22 games so far, almost unheard of given the position's physical and mental grind. He sits beside his locker exhausted, his fingers crawling through his Kramer-esque hair and pulling his eyelids up, his mind still going over every batter, every pitch. "I feel like I've taken the SAT," he groans.

Kendall's survival mechanism for baseball's up-and-down life? At midnight, everything from that evening's game goes out the window. Good or bad. Even after this victory, as Kendall peels off his uniform he declares, "I'm forgetting it already."

HARRISON'S TWO-BEDROOM APARTMENT IN SAN DIEGO

has all the permanence of a dandelion in the wind. After four months, moving boxes still sit everywhere. The VCR blinks "12:00." "I don't want a mansion," he says. "I'm not trying to impress anyone." Just about the only luxury Harrison has bought for himself since signing his three-year, roughly \$4 mil-

lion deal in 1997 is a silver Mercedes-Benz—a longtime dream. He also purchased Chicago-area homes for his mother, his sister and himself and socked away the rest.

"I'm gonna save my money," Harrison says proudly. "Some guys, when they get out of football, they get cut, all the lights are turned off, they don't know what to do. They get on drugs, they go rob people, they steal, they beat their wives. I'm not gonna be that type of person."

Shysters approach Harrison with business deals all the time. Car dealerships, hotels, construction sites, real estate. *Gimme six months. I can double your money.* He takes their cards, says he'll think about it and walks away.

ANOTHER GAME, ANOTHER BRICK. IT'S THE PHILLY

game tonight, the one in which Houston lofts the last-second three-point attempt against the Sixers. It hits the back of the rim, bounces high in the air and tumbles over the backboard. There will be no overtime. The Knicks score only 67 points, drop to 21-21 and remain out of the playoff tier with eight games remaining.

In the locker room, Houston emerges from the shower with a towel barely wrapped around his waist and ice taped to his back. He turns his back to the media throng as he silently slips on his underwear, grabs his toilet kit and puts lotion on his feet and hands. The pack moves closer and closer and is already in his face when he turns around.

"We're just gonna have to find a way to get it done," he says. "Games like this take a lot of air out of you. But at the same time, mentally we're a team that stays positive. One guy's gonna have to step up. I think that person should be me."

The air crackles with Charlie Ward singing, "I'm a soldier in the army of the Lord." And just a few feet away, Patrick Ewing, icing what will soon be the most famous Achilles tendon in New York, proclaims, "Once we make the playoffs, we're going to be a team to be reckoned with." Right now, it's a laughable comment.

THE PIRATES BEAT THE ROCKIES AGAIN, 8-5, BEHIND

Kendall's two doubles and two runs scored. It's Sunday afternoon, and the Pirates allow kids to run around the bases after the game. More little gold and black jerseys read KENDALL than any other name.

Walking to his car later, Kendall signs some autographs for squealing fans but doesn't have time for everyone. He moves past the barricade as cries of, "Over here, Jason!" and "Please, Mr. Kendall!" inevitably follow, but he has to pretend he doesn't even hear them. It's not unlike walking past a panhandler on the street—no matter how much you might prefer to give them what they want, a constant parade of requests, day after day, makes even the most compassionate and generous person reluctant to even make eye contact after a while.

Besides, as Monica Seles found out, you never know—and

11.07 HARRISON signs a three-year contract with the Chargers worth roughly \$4 million

5.10.97 HOUSTON averages 14.8 ppg during the season, leading the Knicks in scoring. In the playoffs he will average 19.2 ppg, hitting 28 of 82 three-pointers

5.3.98 HOUSTON scores a game-high 30 points in the series-clinching Game Five win over Miami in the first round of the playoffs, after falling in the next round to the Indiana Pacers; however, the Knicks will acquire Latrell Sprewell in the off-season, creating a potential backcourt conflict

6.9.98 HARRISON signs a four-year contract extension worth roughly \$14.5 million; during the offseason, the Chargers will sign talented, tempestuous quarterback Ryan Leaf

7.2.97 HOUSTON undergoes surgery to repair partially torn ligaments in his right wrist

7.24.97 KENDALL signs a four-year, \$7 million contract with the Pirates

12.18.97 HARRISON leads the Chargers with a career-high 132 tackles; he is again voted Defensive Player of the Year by teammates

9.27.98 KENDALL finishes fifth in the National League with a .327 batting average, he steals 26 bases to set a National League record for catchers; the Pirates, however, finish the season with a 69-93 record



Kendall owns a revolver just in case. "A lot of athletes have them for protection," he says about guns. "There's a lot of crazy people out there."

RAIDERS 17, CHARGERS 10. WITH THREE MINUTES LEFT

and on their last gasp, Chargers quarterback Craig Whelihan's fourth-and-five pass is tipped and falls incomplete. Harrison, watching from the sideline, heaves his white Gatorade towel in the air. The San Diego stadium erupts in chants of "Rai-ders! Rai-ders!" *Man, that's embarrassing*, Harrison thinks to himself.

After time officially runs out, Harrison grabs his helmet and jogs toward the stadium tunnel. Fans yell, "You suck!" and flip him the finger. One throws a cup of beer on him.

In the losers' locker room, all you hear are the showers. The place reeks of sweat, and players grimace as they creakily remove their shoulder pads. On all the knees and elbows and backs and shoulders, you've never seen so many scars.

Harrison tries to sneak out but is cornered by a radio guy who doesn't even ask a question. He merely makes sad eye contact.

"I don't know what else to say," Harrison says. "I don't know what else to do."

"What about the Pro Bowl?" someone asks.

"It doesn't matter. It doesn't matter."

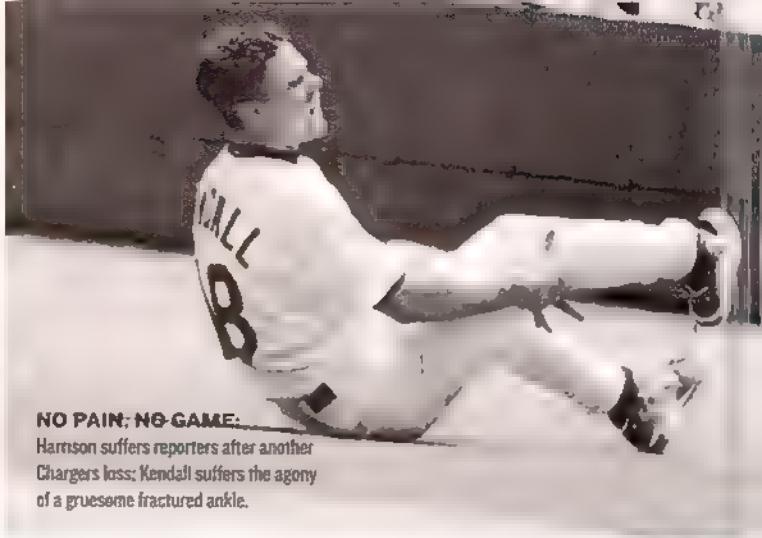
Leaving the stadium, Harrison is approached by two female fans wanting his autograph.

"I've been waiting two years to meet you," one says, handing him a silver pen to sign a helmet. Harrison—his mind still back on the field—obliges her but says nothing. He breaks away, hurries to the players' parking lot and jumps into that silver Mercedes.

HOUSTON HAS ONE FINAL CHANCE TO STEP UP. THE

Knicks have squeaked into the playoffs as the eighth and final seed in the Eastern Conference. Now in a first-round matchup, they've pushed the vaunted Miami Heat to a fifth and deciding game. With 4.5 seconds left and the Knicks down by one, all eyes in a pulsating Miami Arena watch Houston as he takes the inbound pass, curls around a defender, plants one foot on the free-throw line and throws up a running ten-footer.

The shot grazes the front of the rim, bounces into the air, caroms off the backboard and falls gently through the net. Suddenly, Houston is a hero. As the Miami crowd exhales in collective horror, the normally reserved Houston frantically scrambles around the court, finds a television camera, and throws his fist at



NO PAIN: NO GAME

Harrison suffers reporters after another Chargers loss; Kendall suffers the agony of a gruesome fractured ankle.

the audience.

Houston later calls it his biggest shot ever, yet even in the delirium he remains beholden to fate's fickleness. "If we didn't get the bounce," he says pensively, "we'd be talking about something totally different right now."

THE CHARGERS WOULD GO ON TO END THEIR

miserable season with a 5-11 record, but Rodney Harrison would perform well in the Pro Bowl, making three tackles, before going home to Chicago for the offseason. In July, he would report to Chargers training camp and enter the 1999 season playing for his third head coach in three years. Early predictions pin the Chargers to another last-place finish in the AFC Western Division. And with the loss of starting ends William Fuller and Marco Coleman, the defense rests even more squarely on Harrison's shoulders.

AFTER DISPATCHING MIAMI, A RESURGENT ALLAN

Houston would team with Latrell Sprewell to lead the Patrick Ewing-less Knicks to two more playoff series wins, over the Atlanta Hawks and the Indiana Pacers, before finally succumbing to the San Antonio Spurs in the NBA Finals. Houston would average 18.5 points in the playoffs and gain national acclaim for his clutch shooting and composure under pressure. As of press time, his name was not being attached to any trade rumors.

THANKS TO HIS BAT, LEADERSHIP AND SHORT MEMORY,

Jason Kendall would become the main reason the low-budget Pirates were 40-39 on July 4, when he would lay down a bunt against the Brewers and burn toward first base. As he reached the bag, he would slam his right foot down awkwardly, then collapse, screaming in pain.

Kendall had fractured and dislocated his right ankle, leaving a piece of bone sticking several inches through the skin. Wriggling in agony on the field, Kendall would immediately go into shock. Team doctors would later announce that he will miss the rest of the season. Worse, because his speed has been such a key part of his game and his position is so physically demanding, some in baseball question if Kendall will ever be the same player again.

"This is the only thing I know how to do," Kendall had said just a few weeks prior to the injury. "It seems like yesterday was my first game—opening day in Florida, in '96. I know the game goes quick. I'm just gonna bust my ass till I'm done."

Alan Schwarz is a regular contributor to P.O.V.



All the Right Moves

Developing a sense of style means not being afraid to ask questions—and follow good advice. As fashion guru **WOODY HOCHSWENDER** answers your queries about building a classic look, NBA Lottery pick **WALLY SZCZERBIAK**—with a little help from supermodel **INGRID**—takes center court to show you how to wear it well. *Money!* Photographs by Roger Neve.
Fashion Director: Joseph De Acetis

Hair and makeup by Timothy Montgomery/Vartali Salon, NYC



Those of you savvy enough to surf to our Web site, www.povmag.com, know that we gladly welcome readers' questions on all things sartorial. Indeed, guys write us regularly, looking for fashion advice on just about everything, from suits to watches to...computer geek style (read on). We rounded up some of the more challenging queries and put them to P.O.V. contributor Woody Hochswender, famed former fashion columnist at the *New York Times* and author of the recent book *Men's Wardrobe*. We then asked Wally Szcerbiak, the NBA Lottery pick turned high-flying Minnesota Timberwolves rookie, to illustrate some truly winning looks. Study, read and retain—you'll thank us the next time you look in the mirror.

TYING A TIE: DIMPLE OR NO DIMPLE? Dimple (previous spread). With the necktie knotted but still loose around the neck, insert the tip of your index finger in the center of the long end, just below the knot, and press in while pulling on the short end and tightening the tie up under the collar. Now pull the long (fat) end tight, closing the dimple tight around your index finger. Play with it a little until

you get it centered. Practice makes perfect.

I FIND THAT SUSPENDERS DO A BETTER JOB OF KEEPING MY PANTS UP THAN A BELT DOES, AND I GET POSITIVE COMMENTS ABOUT MINE ALL THE TIME. STILL, I'VE READ THAT SUSPENDERS (OR "BRACES") ARE OUT OF STYLE. ARE THEY?

Stick with your suspenders and to hell with those who say they're out of fashion. Suspenders are not as popular as they once were, but this is not entirely due to predatory Wall Street connotations. The underlying cause has been the decline of the vested (three-piece) suit, which always looked better without the extra bulk of a belt at the waist. With the three-piece pretty much gone, men, who gravitate toward the casual in apparel matters, found it convenient to switch to belts. But suspenders will never go the way of the yellow power tie, because they serve a definite function. Not only do they supply a margin of comfort for a man of generous proportions, they also permit pleated suit trousers to drape more elegantly—and consistently—on the body. Once the straps have been adjusted and the break of the trousers on the shoetops set, that's it for the day. No more tugging at the waistline and

readjusting the belt. Braces are also far more comfortable around the waist when one is seated, and they tend to camouflage the bulge of one's stomach when one is standing. And, of course, they are a means of self-expression: suspenders come in bold stripes, chic patterns and whimsical designs that can enliven the traditional business ensemble.

Two caveats: You shouldn't wear them much in casual settings—most casual trousers don't even have suspender buttons. And clip-on suspenders are worn for outdoor work. Period.

HERE'S A SIMPLE QUESTION FOR YOU: WHAT ARE THE CURRENT TRENDS IN MEN'S FASHION?

Not so simple. There are all kinds of hairy trends and fads rumbling around the menswear market, some of which need to be resolutely ignored. In terms of solid trends, which are longer term, as opposed to fads, here are several worth noting.

- ◆ Tailored clothing is lighter and slimmer as a result of fabric innovations, construction techniques and the march of fashion; hugo shoulders are out, narrower lapels and trim trouser lines are in.
- ◆ Ties are quieter—solid colors and tactile weaves replacing wild prints and patterns.
- ◆ As tailored clothing has become more casual, casual clothing has gotten more studied. This may have to do with casual Fridays and the whole dressed-down office phenomenon. If you wear casual clothes in a professional setting, those clothes need to be clean and well put together.
- ◆ Sports or active clothing is hot (left), especially anything based on board sports: baggy Jams, loose T-shirts, exotic prints.
- ◆ Drawstrings—on trousers, shorts and pullovers.
- ◆ Seventies-style looks, from flare-bottoms and elephant-bell trousers to Beatle boots and dark-colored dress shirts.

TWO-BUTTON, THREE-BUTTON, FIVE-BUTTON... THERE ARE TOO MANY STYLES OF SUITS THESE DAYS. WHAT'S THE SAFEST BET?

Two-button (right). This has been the predominant single-breasted suit style in America dating from around the time John F. Kennedy wore one to defeat Richard Nixon (in a traditional three-button) in the first televised political debate. The two-button is considered more modern and figure flattering—the elongated "V" formed by the lapels shows more shirt front, thereby lengthening and slimming the overall silhouette. (More extreme one-button suits show acres of shirt but are really right only for tuxedos.) Nothing wrong with three-button suits, particularly if the top button rolls to the second button (the type of suit worn by Jay Leno on *The Tonight Show*, for example), which gives the three-button suit a two-button effect. Trendier three-buttons—as well as four- and five-buttons—typically have a higher button stance, in the Edwardian mode, which can be kind of artsy looking OK for a rock musician, but considerably less safe as a wardrobe investment.

FOR YOUR MONEY, WHO MAKES THE BEST SHOES?

There is no single smart answer to your question. Some dandies swear by the bespoke, or custom-





(Previous spread) Shirt by **BURBERRY**, Tie by **LANVIN**. Her dress by **MARC BOUWER**.
(Left) Fleece pullover and khaki pants by **NAUTICA SPORT TECH**. Basketball by **SPALDING**.
(This page) Suit by **CHARLES JOURDAN**, shirt by **IKE BEHAR**, tie by **ROBERT TALBOTT** all for **ROCHESTER BIG & TALL**. Her top and skirt by **PARALLEL**.

(This page) Shirt, vest and pants all by BOBBY JONES.
Shoes by JOHNSTON & MURPHY. Watch by TIMEX.
Her dress by I.L.U. Shoes by BCBG MAX AZRIA.
(Right) Sweater and pants by POLO by RALPH LAUREN.
Socks by JOHNSTON & MURPHY. Shoes by DEXTER. Her top by DONNA KARAN. Pants by DKNY.
Shoes by DEXTER.



made, shoes ordered from classic cobblers like John Lobb or Edward Green, but you've got to have plenty of patience—not to mention tons of real green—to sustain the made-to-order habit. If traditional is your taste, I have a few suggestions: England's Church & Co. for the best brown reverse-calf (suede) face-ups. Brooks Brothers for the best English-made cordovan oxfords. Gucci for the best loafers. Diego Della Valle's Tod's for the best pebble-soled moccasins in the world. And J. M. Weston, the French manufacturer with the British name, for beautifully made dress shoes with a contemporary look.

MY COMPANY HAS A GOLF TOURNAMENT COMING UP. SEEING AS THOUGH I AM VERY NEW TO THE SPORT, I WANT YOUR ADVICE ON WHAT TO WEAR. I SEE EDDIE BAUER AND GREG NORMAN OUT THERE. BUT NOW ARMANI AND PRADA HAVE GOLF GEAR TOO. DO I DRESS UP, DOWN OR REGULAR?

Dress like a real golfer, which means dress up (a bit). Golf has always been a sport associated with masculine elegance, and the links between the sport and fashion go back two centuries. Duffers tend to look the part. So, no jeans, no wild plaids, no orange and purple polyester. Save your beat and battered clothes for the range.

The irreducible basics (left): Knit cotton shirt (the labels you mention are fine—as are Lacoste, Nike and Reebok). Clean, pressed, roomy light-weight slacks (khakis are OK; cotton or wool

gabardine are a cut above; flannels are the *ne plus ultra*). Cotton argyle socks. Real golf shoes (soft spikes are required now on most golf courses), either waterproof leather lace-ups or one of the new sneaker styles, like the Nike Air Max. Bring along a golf sweater (V-necked or cardigan) and a rain jacket, depending on the forecast. If you can afford Armani and Prada, by all means, go for it (it is a company tournament, after all). More importantly, work on your short game

A FRIEND AND I GOT INTO AN ARGUMENT ABOUT THE COLOR NAVY. I THINK IT'S MORE OF A SUMMER COLOR THAN A FALL COLOR. MY FRIEND BELIEVES THE OPPOSITE. WHO'S RIGHT?

No burning controversy here. Navy, the deep dark blue of success, looks smart in *all* seasons (below). In fact, if you were to own a single business suit, it should probably be in a navy tropical-weight wool to ensure that you can wear it year round. Even if you don't typically wear suits to work, you never know when you have to attend a wedding—or appear before a judge. The navy blazer, meanwhile, is the go-anywhere, do-anything, always-appropriate equivalent of a woman's little black dress. If you guys have money riding on this, however, and need a definite answer, I'd have to side with your friend. Sure, a blue blazer with brass buttons, worn with white trousers, is emblematic summer attire of tony yachting types everywhere. But navy is more con-

ducive to cool-weather wear, since dark colors tend to absorb more sunshine. In my experience and my mind's eye, I see relatively few dark navy garments walking the streets in, say, Florida or the Southwest in midsummer.

I HAVE NO STYLE. UNFORTUNATELY, NOW I AM TURNING 30. IF YOU WERE THE EMPEROR WITH NO CLOTHES (AND NO CLUE), WHERE WOULD YOU START?

Style is not innate; it is acquired. Begin by frequenting good menswear retailers. Never buy junk. Always buy quality. Developing a taste and an eye for fine fabrics and construction will lead unerringly to garments that last longer, both physically and stylistically. Unless you are an artist or a performer, most of your fashion choices will be shaped by your career. Dress to emulate the successful men in your professional class. And dress for the times: a nerdy, old-school preppiness can be as eccentric as wearing only Dolce & Gabbana. Don't wear flashy or inappropriate neckwear. Wear only well-made shoes, preferably with leather soles. Keep your clothes clean and well pressed. Read fashion columns in magazines. Then ignore a good bit of what they say.

I WAS RECENTLY LOOKING AT A HUGO BOSS SPORT JACKET AND THE SALESMAN SAID THAT BOSS JACKETS TEND TO BE A LITTLE LONGER AND



SHOULD BE WORN THAT WAY. IS THIS A FASHION STATEMENT, OR IS THE SALESMAN JUST TRYING TO GET ME TO BUY THE JACKET?

It's a little bit of both. Fashion-forward menswear designers, including Giorgio Armani and Hugo Boss, have been making suit jackets on the long side for a number of years. The idea is to make you instantly look lanky and swanky. But for standard business wear, there is a time-honored rule of thumb (literally) to ensure the proper fit and proportion: with one's arms resting at the sides, the suit jacket hem should line up with the knuckle of one's thumb. A half inch or so either way is acceptable. Exercise extreme caution here. A short guy in a long suit jacket looks as if he's drowning in his clothes; a very tall man in an overlong jacket simply accentuates his height. Ideally, the suit coat should divide a man—measured in the back from the jacket collar to the floor—exactly in half.

I'M A BIG GUY AND HAVE TROUBLE FINDING CLOTHES THAT I LIKE IN MY SIZE. I HAVE TO STICK TO THE "BIG AND TALL" SHOPS, AND MOST OF THEM ARE MEANT FOR GEEKS AND SENIOR CITIZENS. WHERE CAN I GET CLOTHES THAT ARE ACTUALLY IN FASHION IN THE SIZES I NEED?

What about getting your tailored clothing made to measure? This is not nearly as expensive as custom or bespoke clothing. And you will be able to get the latest fashions in sizes that fit you exactly. One trick is to attend the "trunk shows" of certain prestige labels like Zegna or Oxxford, which are advertised in the newspaper. At such times, the sponsoring store, whether it be Neiman Marcus, Barneys New York or Saks Fifth Avenue, usually offers the manufacturers' standard models on a made-to-measure basis at little or no additional cost. That means you can have a suit made precisely to your individual measurements for about the same price as an off-the-rack suit. It's a

fantastic opportunity for the hard-to-fit guy.

I'M A GRAD STUDENT, SO I HAVE THE PROBLEM OF TRYING TO LOOK GOOD WITHOUT SPENDING MY ANNUAL BEER MONEY. WHO MAKES THE BEST GOOD CLOTHING AT THE BEST PRICES?

Looking good is going to run you a lot more than beer money, unless you've been going for a Ph.D. in brew. Good clothes are an investment that pays big personal dividends. While there is no one "best" manufacturer, a simple strategy would be to go to a better menswear retailer and be guided by its selection. I'm going to give as examples the two Pauls. Nearly everything at Paul Stuart is good and has a traditional, bulletproof look. For more fashionable goods, there is Paul Smith, an English designer with his own store in New York as well as departments in many larger stores. Paul Smith suits, trousers, shirts and accessories have a traditional basis but with whimsical, modern twists. You could build an interesting wardrobe purely from his creations.

I LIVE IN CHICAGO AND I'M COLD. I NEED A HAT TO WEAR WITH A SUIT AND COAT. WHAT KIND SHOULD I BUY? I'M THINKING FEDORA.

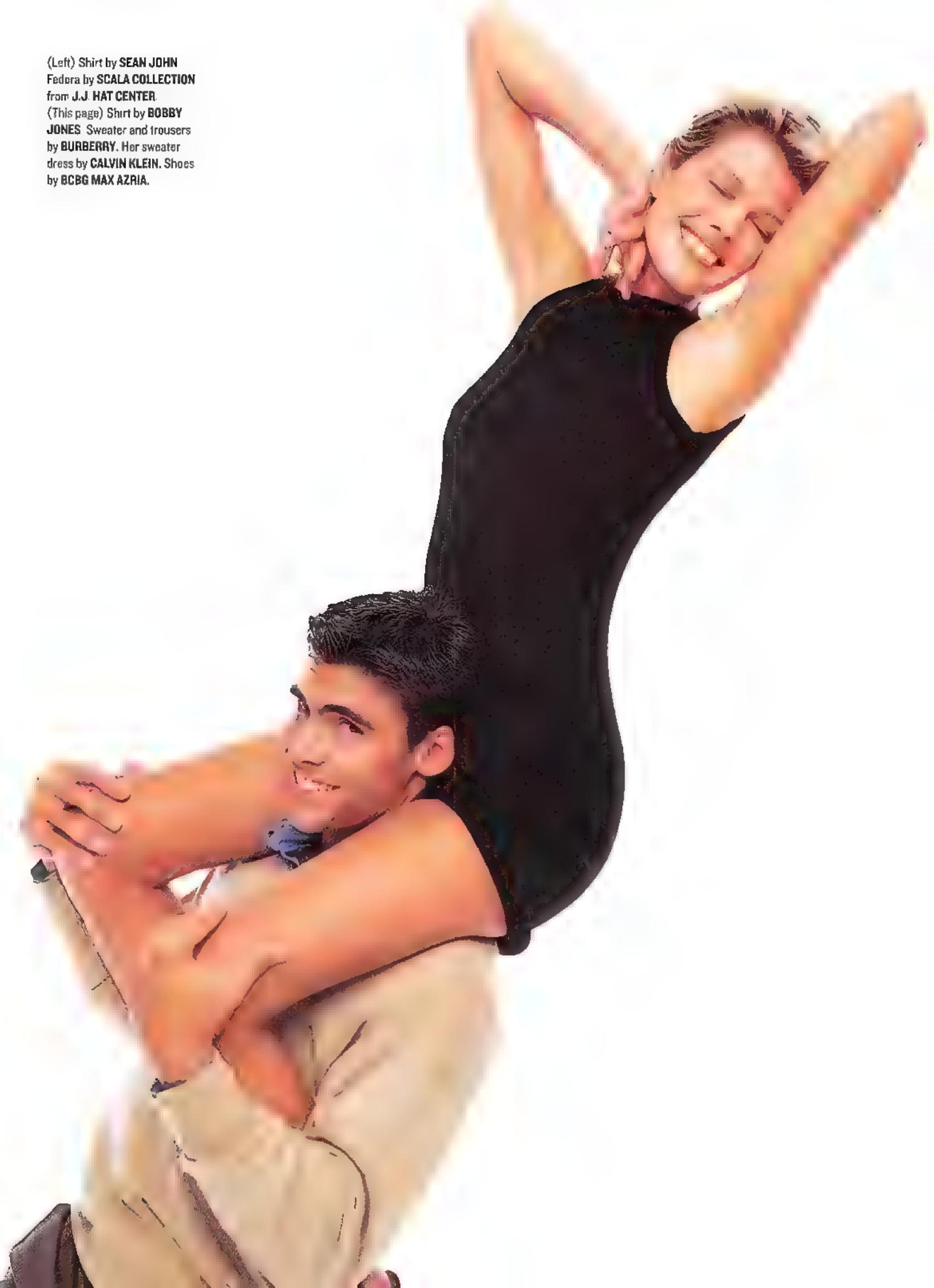
Without knowing you and the dimensions of your face, I can't easily recommend specific headwear. A fedora (left) is certainly a stylish accompaniment to a tailored ensemble—a little retro but rather refreshing, too, considering the overabundance of socklike Polarfleece hats these days. The fedora is not, however, a hat to wear if your face shape is not flattered by headgear. Mindful of the frigid reality of Chicago winters, which are about as cozy as Murmansk, might I suggest a fur-trapper's hat, perhaps in rabbit? No matter your mug, it looks cool with a suit and keeps the gray matter toasty.

IN MY OFFICE, I'M THE "COMPUTER GUY." MY JOB REQUIRES SOME DEGREE OF DRESSING UP; WHILE I DON'T NEED TO WEAR A TIE EVERYDAY, POLO SHIRTS WON'T CUT IT. WHAT WOULD YOU WEAR IF YOU WERE ME?

So you're a "computer guy." But what kind of guy are you really? There is more to one's personal identity than just his job description. Are you a relaxed, informal sort of person, or are you an ambitious type who wants to look and dress as the leaders in your field do? One might suspect, purely from the fact that you are asking style questions, that you have some aspirations and wish to dress with distinction. In that case, why not dress in an approximation of the standard business uniform—matching suit jacket and trousers—but skew it off center a bit by wearing a) open-collared shirts, especially solid colored dress shirts, instead of the traditional white shirt and tie, and b) on cool days, try knit crew-necked and V-necked sweaters (right), with perhaps a T-shirt underneath. And why not put on a necktie a couple of times a week, particularly when you have important meetings with company brass or outside-the-office entertaining, say, lunch or dinner with superiors or key clients? This way you distinguish yourself as one who dresses smartly according to the demands of the day.



(Left) Shirt by **SEAN JOHN**
Fedora by **SCALA COLLECTION**
from **J.J. HAT CENTER**.
(This page) Shirt by **BOBBY JONES** Sweater and trousers
by **BURBERRY**. Her sweater dress by **CALVIN KLEIN**. Shoes
by **BCBG MAX AZRIA**.



I KEEP SEEING THIS COMBO OF DARK SUIT, DARK SHIRT, DARK TIE, BUT THIS SMELLS LIKE A FAD TO ME. IS IT?

More of a trend than a fad. Darker dress shirts have been coming on for years now, and they seem to be here to stay. Some sophistication is required, though, to pull off the look. A straight monochrome combination—tie and shirt the same color, for instance—is a bit of a bore. One tip: keep the tie the darkest thing in the ensemble or, at least, darker than the shirt. A light tie with a dark shirt is very Vegas.

I HAVE A FIRST DATE COMING UP NEXT WEEK AND I HAVE ABSOLUTELY NO IDEA WHAT TO WEAR. ANY TIPS?

First rule: never upstage the woman. That means forget about wild colors and your most over-the-top clothes. If it looks questionable, put it back on the hanger. If you plan on going to a first-rate restaurant (not a bad idea), then shirt, tie and jacket are logical. Don't dress down, which could be viewed as a slight. You can loosen things up a bit by wearing a sport jacket—something classy,

like a dark blue or small check (like houndstooth) suit jacket, with a white shirt, single-pattern tie and dark wool slacks. Wear leather loafers or half-boots (Beatle boots) if the context is somewhat hip; substitute a designer (Gucci, Prada, Calvin Klein) suit jacket if the venue is avant garde. Just be cool (you're only a neutral backdrop for the woman's glamour) and don't try too hard.

I'M INTERESTED IN THE TYPE OF WATCH ONE SHOULD WEAR ON THE BUSINESS SCENE. IS A GOLD ROLEX TOO MUCH OR A CASIO TOO CHEAP?

Neither. If you can afford to spring for a gold Rolex without falling behind in your mortgage payments, then by all means be the man. No point in feeling guilty about your good fortune. It's a classic watch with all the right imagery—solid construction, rugged wristband and the steady orbit of a real sweep second hand. Exactly the virtues you'd like to project in business: solidity, ruggedness and steadiness. Watches (below) that beep uncontrollably at odd moments are to be avoided, which does not mean that a good Casio or digital Timex

Expedition is not acceptable, especially when you add up all the functions—date and time in two times zones, stopwatch, etc.—at a cost under \$50. Other watches to avoid: huge diver's watches (too aggressive); wafer-thin skimpy watches with Roman numerals (too effete, save for black-tie events) and novelty watches of any kind (that *Lion King* number makes you seem a bit lightweight).

Woody Hochswender is a former fashion reporter for the New York Times. He is currently at work on a book about American Buddhism.

HOW TO BUY IT: SCBG Mat Azra, 888-636-8888; Bobby Jones, 800-295-3000; Butterby, 800-284-8480; Calvin Klein, 800-294-7978; Charles Jourdan, 800-638-870; Desiron, 212-414-4070; Dexter, 888-8-DEXTER; DKNY and DKNY Pure, 800-996-996; DKNY Active, 800-777-4524; Donna Karan, 800-231-0884; I.L.U., 212-622-3433; IKe Behar, 212-315-2626; J.J. Hat Center, 800-622-1911; Johnston & Murphy, 888-792-3272; Lanvin, through Saks Fifth Avenue, 212-753-4000; Marc Bouwer, 212-242-7510; Nautica, 877-NAUTICA; Parallel, 310-276-7023; Polo by Ralph Lauren, 800-775-7000; Robert Talbott, 800-747-8778; Rochester Big & Tall, 800-282-8200; Sean John, 212-869-6686; Spalding, 800-225-6601; Swiss Army, 800-442-2706; Timex, 800-448-4639.

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Pants by **DKNY ACTIVE**.
Watch by **SWISS ARMY**. Hor
loungewear by **DKNY PURE**.
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POUR IT AGAIN, SAM!

Bogie knew best: invite a dame for a drink, and you'd better be stocked and loaded. Here's to the beginning of a beautiful friendship between you and your home bar.

(See Eats & Drinks, page 116.)

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A Peak at Heaven

BY CHRIS BALLARD

To the summit by sunrise, I kept telling myself as I pushed on in the darkness, fighting for every breath in the thin air. Climbing through the loose gravel, I felt like I was walking up a down escalator, slipping backwards with each step. Looking up, I could see Rinjani's summit, a precarious perch outlined by the moonlight. I fought the urge to sit down on the closest rock; I didn't come halfway around the world to climb 11,000 feet and then quit.

My mental pep talk worked, and the reward was a panoramic view of the South Pacific as the sun's first rays gilded the land and sea. It was the first time I'd been above the clouds and not peering out the window of a 747. I'd never felt more alive.

Climbing Rinjani, the second highest peak in Indonesia, can have that effect. The 12,220-foot monster towers over Lombok, a small island just east of Bali, and draws a trickle of international adventure-seekers every year. The

lure: Rinjani is the perfect ascent for those of us not named Jon Krakauer; the climb is physically challenging but accessible enough that any weekend warrior with resolve can complete the trek. All you need is a pair of hiking boots, a guide and camping gear.

Add an umbrella, too. Rinjani is an active volcano—one that blew as recently as 1994, when it spewed ash over the entire island. That blast also reshaped Rinjani's crater and created a new, smaller cone within it. The volcanic activity is part of the reason why many Sasaks and

Balinese, the two dominant populations on the island, consider the mountain to be "the seat of the gods." To pay homage, they make annual pilgrimages over the rim of the crater and down to Segara Anak, a large lake that fills the caldera. They bring with them offerings of gold,



PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRIS BALLARD



ON THE WILD
the trail to the top of
the mountain, the long-
tailed macaques make for
tough companions.

jewelry and goldfish to toss into the lake.

I tackled Rinjani last spring with my friend Julian, a med student enjoying his final month of freedom before disappearing into the bowels of a hospital. Flying in over Lombok, rice fields stretched out below us like endless rows of murky swimming pools. The crop is the island's main export and, along with coconut palms, dominates the landscape.

From the airport, we took a taxi to Senaru, the village closest to the Rinjani trailhead. The hour-long ride provided a slide show of island culture. Horse-driven carts trundled down the road, families washed their laundry in the river, naked children chased each other across the grass and teenagers unloaded husks into giant roadside coconut-shell graveyards.

In Senaru, we found sparse shelter for the night at the Segara Anak Homestay, a ramshackle outfit with a gorgeous view overlooking the river valley. We also found a guide, a boisterous, mustachioed Rinjani veteran named Suhardi, or "Hardi" for short. Hardi had climbed the mountain 157 times and, much to our delight, spoke very good English. He explained that, for \$75 each, he would provide camping gear, a porter, a guide (himself) and food for a three-day round-trip. "And," he added proudly, "I'm the only guide who serves chicken for dinner on the mountain." He advised us to get some sleep, as we'd be leaving at 5:30 AM.

Morning came and with it a cold shower and breakfast of banana pancakes and gritty coffee. Bleary-eyed but excited, we hopped into an open-backed truck with Hardi, a driver, our porter and one loud, scrawny chicken who, it turned out, was destined for our plates that evening. We immediately nicknamed it "Dinner."

Accompanied by a brilliant peach-colored sunrise, we began our ascent from a trailhead on the eastern side of the mountain. The plan was to approach the rim of the volcano by evening, sleep for a few hours and then head to the summit early the next morning in time for sunrise. From there, we'd hike down

into the crater for a day by the lake before trekking back to Senaru on the third day.

Though some do it, it's extremely difficult to summit Rinjani without a guide, as the trail is poorly marked and much of the hiking is done at night. A porter isn't necessary, but it sure eases the load. Our porter was a small, wiry man whose name, Rajin, means "hard worker" in Indonesian. Never was a moniker more fitting: in addition to gathering firewood, setting up camp and cooking for us, he climbed up and down the mountain balancing a thick bamboo pole on his shoulders. On either end of

followed, sweating profusely and sucking down water. Bringing up the rear was the bionic Rajin.

After stopping for a lunch of noodle soup and tea, we ascended into an ethereal mist past trees draped with mint-colored moss. The fog was a welcome coolant after hiking under the sun, but it also lent a bleak, desolate feel to the mountain. To make matters worse, the trail was getting steeper. The rest of the day felt like one long, tortuous session on a stair climber. Somehow, we powered through to the rim by three in the afternoon and collapsed on the dirt, spent from the six-hour climb. At 8,639 feet,

we were square in the middle of a cloud. Hardi assured us that if we could see anything, we'd have an incredible view.

Most visiting climbers stop at the rim, opting to forgo the pre-sunrise summit climb. We figured that if we were going to climb this bastard, we might as well go balls-out. Sitting in our tent massaging my sore legs, however, I could understand the majority's reticence.

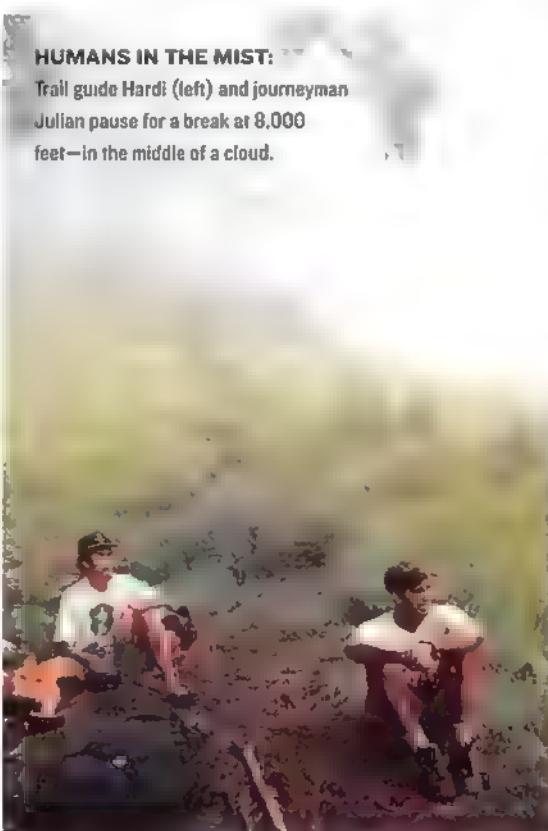
With mealtime approaching, I came out to watch as Rajin held Dinner and, after a brief religious ritual, Hardi sliced the bird's neck. For a few minutes, the poor bugger flopped around like, well, a chicken with its head cut off. Then Rajin cleaned the bird and cooked up an extremely tasty batch of chicken fried rice. We wolfed it down, ignoring the long-tailed monkeys who'd crept up to the edge of the camp, hoping for handouts. Too tired to stargaze for long, we hit the hay.

"Alright modder fokkers!" Hardi yelled into our tent at three in the morning. "Time to climb mountain." I staggered out of the tent, my sore quadricep muscles weighing me down like bags of lead. After a mug of hot tea, we grabbed our flashlights and followed Rajin toward the summit. Hardi stayed behind, promising to have banana pancakes ready for us when we returned.

Up above the tree line, the mountainside looked like a lunar landscape, all rocks and shadows in the dull glow of the moonlight. The only sound was the

HUMANS IN THE MIST:

Trail guide Hardi (left) and journeyman Julian pause for a break at 8,000 feet—in the middle of a cloud.



the pole hung large baskets filled with our tents, food and cooking utensils. All told, the load probably weighed 70 pounds. Rajin, who couldn't have weighed more than a buck and a quarter, carried all of it at an improbably fast pace and did so wearing a pair of cheap rubber flip-flops.

As the morning wore on, the trail graduated from dense forest into meadows overgrown with dew-laden grass that smooched our bare legs as we walked. Hardi led the way, cracking jokes and carrying Dinner in his day-pack. Julian and I

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LIVING LARGE

crunching of our boots on gravel and our labored breathing. By 4:30, we made the second rim, whereupon Rajin spoke for the first time. "Halfway," he said. "Halfway, my ass," Julian responded, and I had to agree—it looked like we were almost there. But as we soon found out, it was only a cruel optical illusion—the summit was still more than an hour away.

We made the final kick on all fours, through loose rocks and oxygen-deprived air. Julian and I would climb 30 paces at a time and then, desperate to keep the endorphins flowing, yell at each other like crazed characters in some Nike ad. It was a little scary to behold, but it worked.

The summit was worth every ounce of sweat. We huddled on a rocky pinnacle the size of a dining room table and surveyed the world from on high. The sunrise burned through the clouds, painting the island a deep orange and illuminating the valleys and mountains one by one. After an hour up among the angels, we reluctantly followed Rajin back down the slope, sliding down the gravel like skiers.

That afternoon, we made the treacherous two-hour descent into the crater. The trail required some low-grade rock climbing and became even more hazardous when a light rain began to fall. By the time we reached our camp, the sprinkle had become a downpour and Julian and I were drenched and exhausted. We restored our spirits with a soak in the Kokok Putih hot springs, a succession of sensually warm pools cascading down a hillside on the northeastern border of the lake. That night, Rajin procured a fresh carp from a local fisherman and we dined like kings.

The trail back to Senaru was scenic and easier on the knees. Following a stream as it descended through a verdant rain forest full of thick vines, giant ferns and brightly colored birds, we caught our second wind. When a tropical rainstorm hit late in the afternoon, we reveled in

the refreshing showers. Nothing could dampen our mood now. We had conquered Rinjani.

Chris Ballard wrote about Thailand's Full Moon party in our August issue.

NITTY GRITTY INFO

GETTING THERE Flights to Jakarta from Los Angeles run between \$1,000 and \$1,300 on Cathay Pacific (800-233-2742) and China Airlines (800-227-5118). To get from Jakarta to Bali, Garuda Indonesia Airlines (800-342-7832) has multiple flights per day (\$125 one way). From Bali, you can get to Lombok via a three-hour ferry or a 30-minute shuttle flight on Merpati Airlines (\$27 one way, 011-6221-654-8888). Once on Lombok, take a taxi to Senaru to hire a guide or head to the upscale tourist town of Sengigi, where numerous tour companies run all-inclusive (and more expensive) trips to the mountain.

WHEN TO GO Locals climb year-round, but the summit is often obscured and the trail can be slippery and dangerous during the wet season (November to April). Your best bet is to head there in spring or early summer, when the summit views are virtually cloud-free.

EQUIPMENT Most local services provide food, camping gear and an English-speaking guide. Depending on how many are in your party, the climb will cost between \$75 and \$200 per person. Bring a waterproof jacket, good hiking boots, a flashlight (for the summit climb) and a good pack to carry your personal stuff. If you'd rather climb without a guide, you can rent camping supplies relatively cheaply in Senaru. Don't expect many amenities once you get near the mountain; there isn't a phone or grocery store within an hour of Senaru.

THE CLIMB Depending on your schedule and energy level, there are several options. For the time-pressed, a mad dash to the rim and back can be made in one day if you start before dawn. Most people opt to climb to the crater rim (elevation 8,639 feet), descend into the crater for a day at the lake, and then hike out on the third day. The summit is an additional—and very strenuous—3,581 feet up from the rim and requires at least six hours for the round-trip. Guides are flexible.

From B.B. King to BBQ

If you think Memphis is just about kick-ass music, you've never tasted the best barbecued pork in the world. Did somebody say "road trip"? BY JIM GLADSTONE

If you were headed to Seattle, you'd know to pack an umbrella. And if South Beach was on your weekend itinerary, sunscreen would be a no-brainer. But is there anything special one ought to bring along for a weekend down south carousing in Memphis? Indeed: dental floss.

You may come to this music-filled Mississippi River town to hear the blues of B.B. King, the lore of Elvis the King and the gospel shout-outs for the King of Kings, but the refrain of any truly hardcore weekend in Memphis is countless testimonials about the city's culinary king: barbecued pork—both ribs and pulled—in all its toothsome, gingivital splendor.

That's right, Memphis is a town to gnaw your way through, rib bone by crisp-browned rib bone. Whether checking out the pleasantly low-key tourist district surrounding downtown's legendary Beale Street, or driving through ramshackle residential areas, you can suddenly find yourself engulfed in a warm cloud of hickory smoke and lured into one of the city's hundreds of barbecue joints. Oh, and mind your P's and BBQ's: local protocol disdains the use of the word "restaurant" in conjunction with these places. Hungry yet?

Start out at the Cozy Corner (745 N. Parkway, 901-527-9158), in a shanty-like

retail strip on the outskirts of downtown, with rec-room paneling, ancient blue vinyl booths and a vinegary tang to its sauce that tingles on the lips. Because the Cozy Corner is the real thing, it proudly boasts a sign that screams NO FRENCH FRIES! The official rib side-dishes throughout Memphis are coleslaw, baked beans, occasionally potato salad and, always, soft slices of Wonder Bread or rolls.

After sampling the Corner's lip-slicking delicacies and applying a moist towlette or three, head east to Willingham's (680 W. Brookhaven Circle, 901-767-7727) for the flip side of Memphis' cue-ribs that are rubbed with a dry coating of



PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL GOODMAN & VIVIAN FREDERICK



seasonings that includes chilies, cumin and a variety of herbs, then slow-cooked in wood smoke for up to 24 hours. Every joint has its own ingredients and methodologies, closely guarded as trade secrets.

Among other stellar barbecue joints is the Rendezvous (52 S. Second Street, 901-523-2746), made famous by John Grisham's *The Firm*. The Rendezvous offers sublime dry ribs within walking distance of the must-see attractions on Beale Street. Jim Neely's Interstate BBQ (2265 S. Third Street, 901-775-2304) is utterly atmospheric, with post-midnight hours on weekends, autographed pictures of soul stars on the walls, gabby waitresses happy to discuss cooking techniques and a delicious tomato-and-cumin-rich sauce. For lunch, you won't do better than Payne's (1762 Lamar Avenue, 901-272-1523), an old filling station turned into smokehouse heaven: sit on wooden tables in the former garage and enjoy a pile of savory pulled pork with slaw on Wonder Bread or a bun for under three bucks. The truly daring may want to try barbecued spaghetti at the Bar-B-Q Shop (1782 Madison Avenue, 901-272-1277), more for the delicious sliced meat than the overcooked pasta.

Need a barbecue break? Mercy! Head over to the Fourway Grill (998 Mississippi Boulevard, 901-946-4888), a decrepit 50-year-old establishment that serves terrific fried chicken with thick, crackling crust and greaseless tender meat. Neck

bones are the skull-like frights you'll see locals feasting on at nearby tables. The city's best southern breakfast is at Brother Juniper's (3519 Walker Avenue, 901-324-0144) near the University of Memphis—on Saturday mornings, you must try the frat boy-sized portions of four-cheese grits, wheat-white combo biscuits and Juniper's trademark potato casseroles.

While a roving barbecue feast makes Memphis a great weekend trip any time of year, you can plant your feet along Beale Street on Friday, October 1, and Saturday, October 2, and hear the best of Memphis's music scene all in one spot. The Bluesrock International Blues Convention and Festival features more than

100 blues, soul and R&B acts on fifteen stages in the heart of the city. A five-minute walk from the banks of the Mississippi River, Beale Street is like a more polite version of New Orleans's Bourbon Street. Its biggest spots—B.B. King's Blues Club (143 Beale Street, 901-524-5464) and Elvis Presley's Memphis (126 Beale Street, 901-527-6900)—are named after the city's favorite sons and feature excellent local musicians with surprisingly minimal schmaltz. The Center for Southern Folklore (209 Beale Street, 901-525-3655) offers walking tours of this historic area, chock-full of music trivia (Memphis is mentioned in more recorded songs than any other American city) and civil rights

NITTY GRITTY INFO

WHEN TO GO The Bluesrock Festival (October 1-2 this year) is an ideal time to get a massive sampling of Memphis music in one fell swoop. May features the annual big citywide Memphis in May festival, with major pop music concerts and an international barbecue competition bookending the month. Unless you plan to eat so much you want to sweat it off, avoid Memphis in July and August.

GETTING THERE Memphis International Airport is served by most major airlines, but it's a hub for Northwest (800-225-2525, www.nwa.com). Typical fares are \$204 from New York, \$224 from Chicago and \$260 from Los Angeles.

GETTING AROUND Memphis is amazingly easy to get around by car, using Poplar Avenue as an axis for all your travels. While cabs are available, it's well worth the weekend rental rates (as little as \$21 a day with Hertz, 800-654-3050) to have a car so you can get out of downtown and into the most authentic barbecue joints.

WHERE TO STAY If you want to go deluxe, check out the world-famous Peabody (149 Union Avenue, 901-529-4000), where the hotel's resident ducks get out of the elevator and march to the ornate lobby's fountain at 11 each morning then return to their rooftop penthouse at 5. It's all accompanied by music and crowds and is a real hoot (doubles from \$255). You can still check out the Peabody duck march if you stay at the equally well-located and perfectly sufficient Comfort Inn Downtown (\$84 and up, 100 N. Front Street, 800-228-5150) or the Benchmark Hotel (\$60 and up, 164 Union Avenue, 901-527-4100).

history. The Lorraine Motel (450 Mulberry Street, 901-521-9699), where Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. was assassinated, has rather eerily been converted into The National Civil Rights Museum.

Perhaps the most authentic musical evening to be had in Memphis year-round is at a little-known hole-in-the-wall called Wild Bill's (1580 Vollintine Avenue, 901-726-5473), a chitlin'-serving luncheonette by day and an uncompromising juke joint on Friday and Saturday nights, where the stellar five-piece Hollywood All-Stars slam out gutbucket blues from 10-ish to 2-ish. The cover is a mere \$5 and the beers are quart-bottles for \$3 each—but if you want

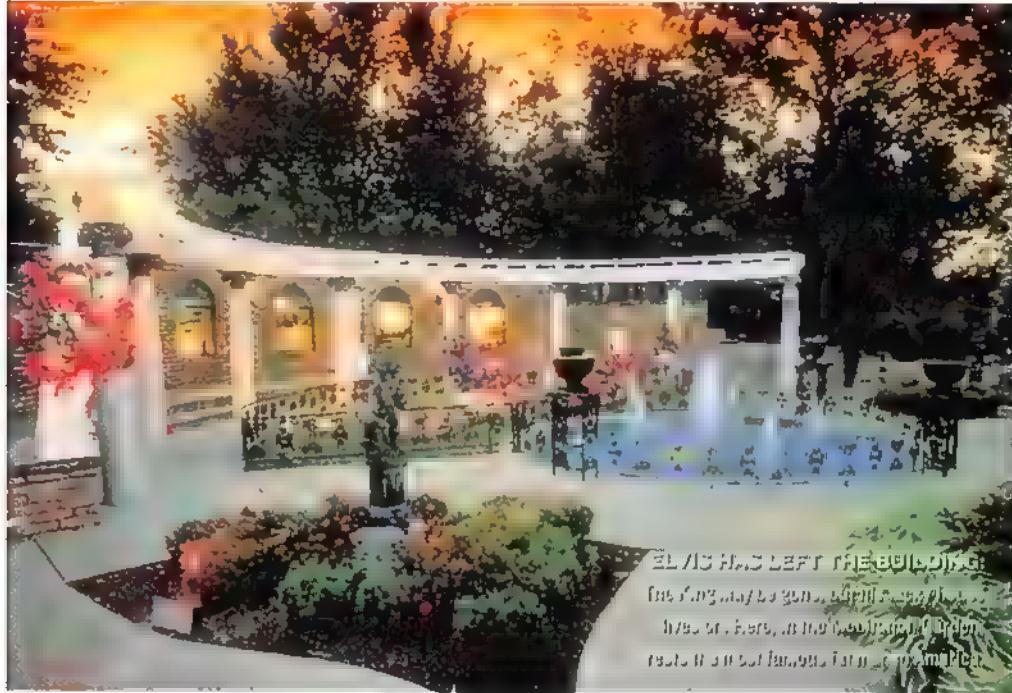
Carl Perkins, Roy Orbison, Howlin' Wolf and U2—all of whom recorded in this very room. After watching older women weep over their teenybop memories, step into the adjoining café, where Elvis's favorite grilled peanut butter and banana sandwich will set you back a mere \$2.75.

You can take a free shuttle from Sun to Graceland, where a well-organized—if astonishingly whitewashed—tour will boggle your mind with the impact of Elvis Presley's music and movie careers (once the highest paid movie actor in Hollywood, he also recorded 79 gold and platinum albums in a rock, country and gospel career that spanned three decades) as well as with his

slinky hits "Let's Stay Together" and "Put A Little Love in Your Heart" (with Annie Lennox) represent the profane side of a man who took to the pulpit of his church in 1979. Green currently mixes his preaching gig with casino concerts and a recent guest spot on *Ally McBeal*. As many as half of the congregants at Sunday services are out-of-town visitors, but that doesn't inhibit the faithful from a roof-raising 11 AM ceremony, replete with a rousing hand-clapping choir, four-piece rhythm section, melodramatic personal testimonies and, yes, speaking in tongues. Exciting, fascinating and maybe even inspiring. Not to be missed.

It would only be fitting to counterbalance your church with a little sin by taking the opportunity to make your Memphis visit into a three-state swing. Just twenty minutes south of town is Tunica, Mississippi, with ten attractive 24-hour casinos that seem less noisy, smoky and hyperactive than Vegas or Atlantic City. Drive ten minutes over the Mississippi into West Memphis, Arkansas, and hit the Southland Greyhound Park (intersection of I-40 and I-55, 800-467-6182) for the regional excitement of dog racing.

For souvenirs, you'll want to visit Memphis's 123-year-old A. Schwab general store (163 Beale Street, 901-523-



ELVIS HAS LEFT THE BUILDING
The King may be gone, but his spirit
lives on here, in the Memphis of his dreams.
Photo: R. J. S. / Contrasto / Gamma Liaison

to make like a local, order Champale, a flavored malt liquor. For fine live modern rock, retro swing and a great pool room, hit the friendly and spacious Hi-Tone (1913 Poplar Avenue, 901-278-8663).

Pop history buffs will certainly want to devote a half day to Sun Studios (706 Union Avenue, 901-521-0664) and Graceland (3764 Elvis Presley Boulevard, 800-238-2000). The Sun tour is hardly a tour at all, since the almost disappointingly authentic venue is little more than a tiny office, an acoustic-tiled studio and an off-limits control room. Still, it's a thrill when your guide stands you next to a piano once pounded by Jerry Lee Lewis and a microphone that Elvis crooned into, then plays original session tapes by those two as well as

spectacularly bad taste (his Jungle Room features deep green shag carpeting—on the floor and ceiling). After spending much time on Presley's philanthropic and charitable deeds and glossing over any mention of his chemical-use excesses, the official audio tour somberly announces that in 1977 "a heart attack claimed his life." Despite all the official smoothing of the rough spots, Graceland's excellent twenty-minute film presentation of clips from the King's movie, TV and concert performances is a convincing testament to Presley's star power.

Still singing live most Sundays at the Full Gospel Tabernacle (787 Hale Road, 901-396-9192), a Pentecostal church just one mile from Graceland, is the Reverend Al Green—yes, that Al Green—whose

782), where local bargain hunters and tourists mix to buy everything from hardware and toiletries to 99-cent neckties and jars of pickled watermelon rind. It also has really cool Elvis junk for much less than you'll pay at Graceland. Your other option is to make a quick stop at Da Blues in the Memphis airport terminal, where you can get one last order of really fine Corky's ribs to go (Corky's Poplar Avenue location tied for first in this year's Memphis Flyer taste test) and live preflight music in the early evenings. Now that's a fine southern send-off.

Frequent contributor Jim Gladstone wrote about Baltimore in our December/January issue.

Hand Candy

Let go of that PalmPilot for a few minutes and grab hold of one of these playtime devices. You may just forget your schedule entirely. **BY GLENN DERENE**

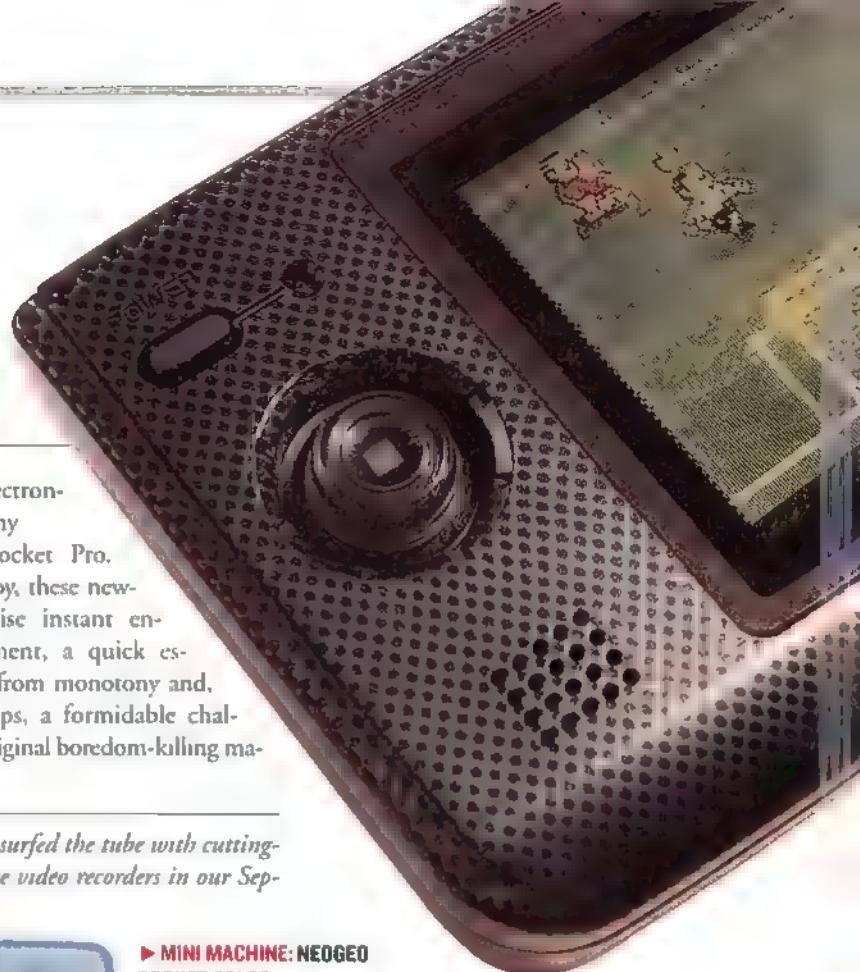
Ten years ago, Nintendo released the original Game Boy, which instantly ushered in the most entertaining hand held craze for man since puberty. Through the years, Game Boy has continually squashed the onslaught of competitors who've tried to invade its tiny turf (remember Sega Game Gear?), all the while getting ever smaller and more colorful. Finally, a decade later, real competition may be at, ahem, hand, as two new reasons to keep your digits out of your pockets have just debuted: SNK's NeoGeo Pocket Color

and Tiger Electronics' oh-so-catchy Game.com Pocket Pro. Like Game Boy, these newcomers promise instant engagement, a quick escape from monotony and, perhaps, a formidable challenge to the original boredom-killing machine itself.

Glenn Derene surfed the tube with cutting-edge hard-drive video recorders in our September issue.



TOYS



► MINI MACHINE: NEOGEO POCKET COLOR

DAMAGE: \$69.95

(games range from \$24.95 to \$34.95)

POWER-UP: Action is quick and dynamic thanks to 16-bit processor; 2.6-inch, 146-color reflective LCD screen is large and controls are precise and comfortable. Batteries last 40 hours—32 longer than Game Boy Color. Extra lithium battery allows for saved games and internal-clock maintenance when machine is turned off. Additional features include an alarm, a calendar and even a horoscope.

THUMBS DOWN: Like the Game Boy Color, the NeoGeo has no contrast control, so changing light conditions alter the quality of the fun. Also, the number of games is currently limited to twelve, which are fun but very Japanese (characters look stolen from either *anime* movies or Hello Kitty lunch boxes). Multidirectional joystick is delicate and seems likely to snap as the finger-twitching mayhem gets hot and heavy.

GAME OVER: Wow! Play is fast-paced and furious, but there should be more games.

◀ MINI MACHINE: NINTENDO GAME BOY COLOR

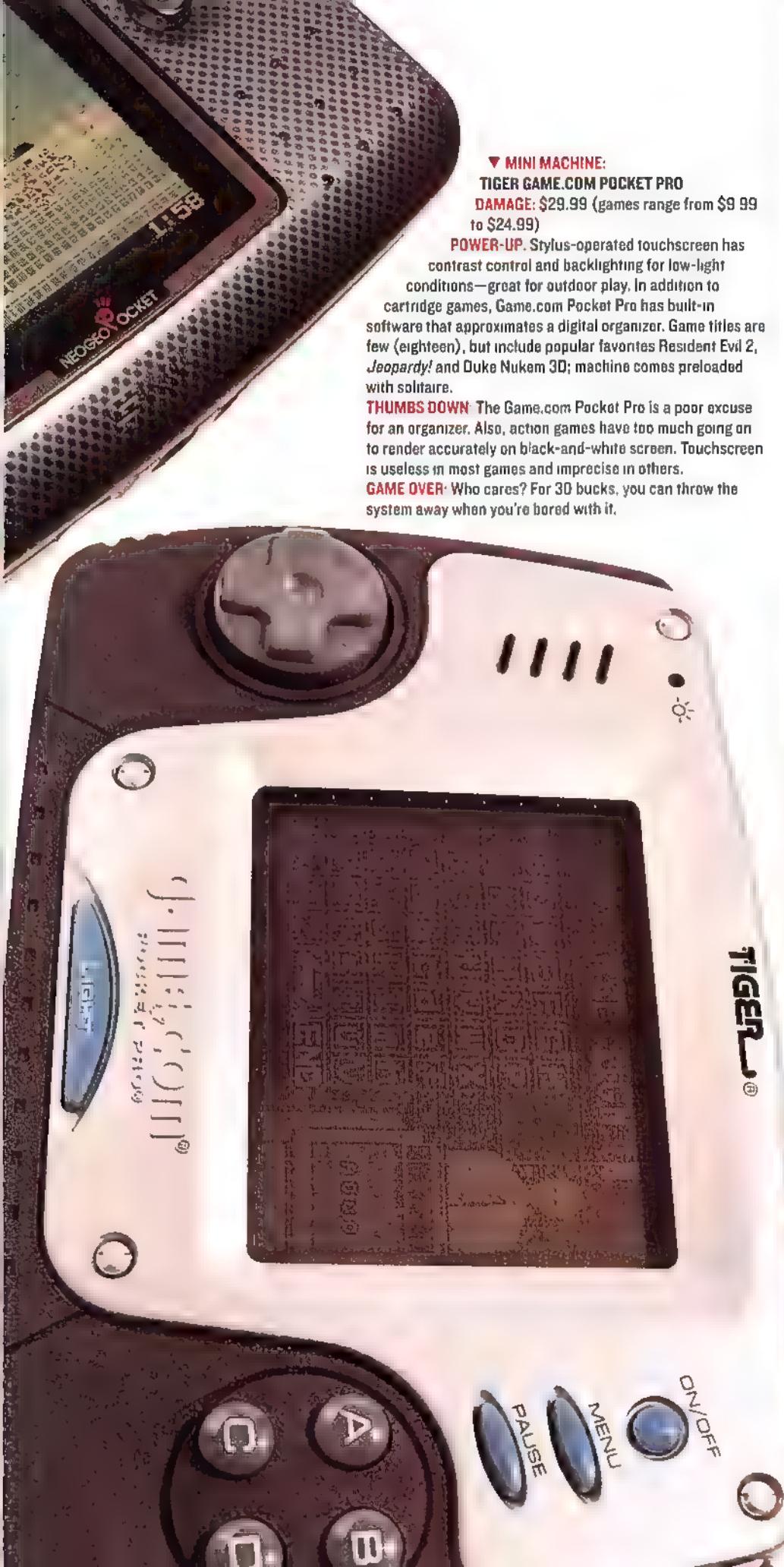
DAMAGE: \$79.95 (games average \$30)

POWER-UP: Game Boy Color plays all 500 original black-and-white Game Boy games in enhanced gray scale, plus 80 new games in full color, dwarfing the selection of its competitors. Game production quality is higher than on other systems. Sports games have real teams, graphics are realistic and well-rendered. The 2.3-inch, 56-color reflective LCD screen is clear and crisp in bright light and colors are well defined.

THUMBS DOWN: Screen is tiny, so action can get confusing, plus lack of contrast control will leave you twisting your wrists this way and that as light conditions change. Eight-bit processor is slower than NeoGeo's and controls are still in the same primitive crosshair-and-two-button arrangement of the original Nintendo.

GAME OVER: Too soon. Games look good and are just frustrating enough to be enjoyable.





▼ MINI MACHINE:

TIGER GAME.COM POCKET PRO

DAMAGE: \$29.99 (games range from \$9.99 to \$24.99)

POWER-UP. Stylus-operated touchscreen has contrast control and backlighting for low-light conditions—great for outdoor play. In addition to cartridge games, Game.com Pocket Pro has built-in software that approximates a digital organizer. Game titles are few (eighteen), but include popular favorites Resident Evil 2, Jeopardy! and Duke Nukem 3D; machine comes preloaded with solitaire.

THUMBS DOWN: The Game.com Pocket Pro is a poor excuse for an organizer. Also, action games have too much going on to render accurately on black-and-white screen. Touchscreen is useless in most games and imprecise in others.

GAME OVER: Who cares? For 30 bucks, you can throw the system away when you're bored with it.

TDK



ENTER TO WIN FOR CLEAR CD & INSTANT
EMBRACE  RECORDING TECHNOLOGY

Game Breakers

Want to score some points with your tailgate team? Try sporting these gear. Or, if you prefer, why not do the sack dance. **BY MARK SPOONAUER**

GEAR



◀ PLAYER: XTRA-WIDE BINOCULARS

COACH: Bushnell

SALARY: \$99

SCOUTING REPORT: Granting a field of view of up to three times greater than standard binoculars (900 feet), the Xtra-Wides will make her forget that you're sitting in the nosebleed section, and you'll be able to follow the play and your favorite cheerleader at the same time! Contoured eyecups help reduce peripheral light, but won't help you when you get blindsided for wearing lame fanny pack/carrying case (included).

FINAL SCORE: A sight for sore eyes.

▲ PLAYER: GAS GO-ANYWHERE GRILL

COACH: Weber-Stephen

SALARY: \$59

SCOUTING REPORT: Why fumble with all that dirty charcoal and risk ruining your favorite football jersey (or worse, hers) when you can get things cooking with just the push of a button? Weber's patented Flavonizer System virtually eliminates nasty flare-ups, distributing heat evenly across the cooking surface for that all-important pregame meal. The five-year warranty will ensure your grill stays around longer than most of your team's players.

FINAL SCORE: A surefire crowd pleaser.

▼ PLAYER: CAMP BENCH

COACH: L.L. Bean

SALARY: \$99

SCOUTING REPORT: Playing armchair quarterback will never be the same after you sit in L.L. Bean's comfy and tough throne for two. Its rugged steel frame is sturdy enough to support an overfed offensive lineman, but when it's game time, the camp bench collapses like a pocket after an all-out blitz. Two-minute warning: smooth nylon oxford cloth won't exactly make her pine for the plastic seats waiting inside the stadium.

FINAL SCORE: A portable luxury box.



Frequent contributor

Mark Spoonauer
can be found
tailgating in style
at Giants
Stadium



▲
PLAYER
PLENTIKOOL
COACH: Igloo
SALARY: \$84

SCOUTING REPORT: This lean and mean thermoelectric cooler plugs directly into your car or truck's cigarette lighter, so you never have to break the ice. Superquiet Z-Max engine keeps your cans at a Lambeausque temperature, while convenient foldout lap tray provides plenty of work space for buttering up her bread. Eight-foot power cord gives you only limited room to scramble.

FINAL SCORE: A chip off the new block.



VHF 2 4 5 6
UHF 14 20 30 40 50 60 69 CH CH

SONY

▼
PLAYER: WATCHMAN
COACH: Sony
SALARY: \$135

SCOUTING REPORT: Catch that critical play that the officials missed on Sony's cute but clear color LCD Screen. Integrated AM/FM radio helps pass the time between timeouts. Adjustable neck strap also serves as an antenna, so you are free to do the wave—or attempt an illegal use of the hands.

FINAL SCORE: A wearable Jumbotron.

THE TRYST BENEATH THE SHERRY OAK



THE MACALLAN'S SOLITARY FIDELITY TO THE ANCIENT METHODS OF MALT WHISKY MATURATION – IN OAKEN CASKS THAT HAVE PREVIOUSLY CONTAINED SHERRY – HAS A SUPREMELY PRACTICAL PURPOSE.

THE MELLOWING INFLUENCE OF THE SHERRY IMPARTS A LUSCIOUS AMBER-GOLD TO THE HUE AND A SUMPTUOUS BASSO PROFUNDO TO THE FLAVOUR, TO PROVIDE AN EXPERIENCE THAT NO OTHER MALT CAN EMULATE. FOR NO OTHER MALT IS EXCLUSIVELY SO MATURED IN THESE DAYS OF (DARE WE SAY IT?) ACCOUNTANT-DOMINATED PRODUCTION.

NOT THAT WE WOULD WISH TO DENIGRATE OUR FRIENDS IN THE NUMERATE PROFESSION. BUT OUR STEADFAST DEVOTION TO THE OLD WAYS LOOKS BEYOND THE SIMPLE ARITHMETIC OF SLIDE-RULE AND CALCULATOR TO A MATHEMATICS NO COMPUTER CAN UNDERSTAND... THE  INFINITELY SUBTLE CALCULUS OF HUMAN SATISFACTION.

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CHEERS TO YOU

1. CHARACTER: VODKA

ACTS LIKE: Diane**BIO:** The most malleable (and popular) spirit, vodka mixes with practically everything, so consider keeping a second-bottle understudy on hand at all times. **Rebecca**, where are you?**APPEARS WITH:** Bloody Mary, cosmopolitan, screwdriver**BEST PERFORMANCES:** Teton Glacier (\$23), made from good old Idaho potatoes

2. CHARACTER: GIN

ACTS LIKE: Coach**BIO:** Don't listen to what anyone tells you, this funky, juniper-scented old faithful is the real base for a classic martini and adds a flavorful twist to soda-based drinks, especially tonic.**APPEARS WITH:** Classic martini, gimlet, gin sidecar**BEST PERFORMANCES:** Plymouth Original Dry Gin (\$25), from England's oldest operating gin distillery

3. CHARACTER: RUM

ACTS LIKE: Rebecca**BIO:** Rum brings a touch of sweetness to the party and mixes well with juices in any number of Latin-inspired cocktails. Don't let that fool you; it packs a terrific, refreshing punch.**APPEARS WITH:** Banana daiquiri, Cuba libre, mojito.**BEST PERFORMANCES:** Bacardi 8 (\$25), a dark, caramel-flavored rum aged eight years to perfection

4. CHARACTER: BOURBON

ACTS LIKE: Norm**BIO:** Although bourbon is the sweetest of all whiskies, it's always the tough guy's tipple of choice. Made from a mash of grains ranging in flavor from caramel to vanilla to honey, it is the big teddy bear of spirits, guaranteed to warm your toes. **Norm!****APPEARS WITH:** Old-fashioned, mint julep, Sazerac**BEST PERFORMANCES:** Maker's Mark (\$22), a satiny-smooth libation in a class by itself

5. CHARACTER: SCOTCH (BLENDED)

ACTS LIKE: Frasier**BIO:** Smokey and seductive whiskey from Scotland, scotch—on the rocks—is the thinking man's spirit for careful contemplation with your best bud. Mixed with sweet vermouth and bitters it puts a hearty spin on the classic bourbon-based manhattan**APPEARS WITH:** Flying Scotsman, Rob Roy, rusty nail**BEST PERFORMANCES:** J & B Rare (\$30), a scotch perfectly suited to its name

6. CHARACTER: WHISKEY (BLENDED CANADIAN)

ACTS LIKE: Cliff**BIO:** The lightest, most mixable of all whiskies, blended Canadian whiskey is the house-pour, an indispensable know-it-all on any party menu.**APPEARS WITH:** Algonquin, King Cole cocktail,

Bar Essentials

BY ANTHONY GIGLIO

We've all been there, perhaps after "last call" at a bar with your buds, perhaps after a movie with your new squeeze. You step up to the plate and heroically suggest drinks at your place and are heartily toasted (or in the latter case, ca-

ressed). Once behind the counter at home, however, you quickly realize you're in way over your head as the orders for manhattans, metropolitans and mojitos start pouring in. To top it off, you open the freezer to grab some all-important ice cubes and the tray is either empty or there's one giant

PAUL GOODMAN



glacier in need of an ice pick.

Such is life at the bar where everybody knows your name, and if you're caught with your bartending apron down—for all the *wrong* reasons—you might find yourself drinking alone. One of the most important investments you can make when furnishing your pad is the bare-bones home bar. The curtain rods can wait; it's time to peruse some booze.

First, realize that you don't need to replicate the entire *Cheers* inventory. You can do quite impressively keeping about a dozen bottles on hand—think of them as twelve supporting characters to your Sam

Malone. Sounds like an expensive proposition? Not necessarily. Even if you stick solely with top-shelf liquor, those name brands displayed at the best bars, rather than the no-frills stuff in grandpa's flask, you're still out only \$250. And unless all of your friends are heading towards AA, you'll have enough booze to keep stirring and shaking as smoothly as Sam for a long, long time.

Senior Editor Anthony Giglio is the toast of R.O.V.

Want to keep the cocktails shaking? For recipes of the drinks mentioned here, click to www.povmag.com.



highball

BEST PERFORMANCES: Crown Royal (\$22), the king of blended Canadian whiskey

7 CHARACTER: TEQUILA

ACTS LIKE:

BIO: One word: margaritas. Although it's drunk by the shot south of the border, it's a must-have for margaritas up here, and a fiery backbone of the bar cast.

APPEARS WITH: Hot pants, margarita, shady lady

BEST PERFORMANCE: Hacienda de Chihuahua (\$40). Yup, it's pricey. It's also a beautiful aged tequila that's mellower than its younger blanco

8. CHARACTER: TRIPLE SEC

ACTS LIKE: Woody

BIO: Again, one word: margaritas. Not to mention cosmopolitans, sidecars, kamikazes and other cocktails requiring this versatile orange liqueur made with bitter and sweet orange peels.

Romance-language majors may question the use of "sec," French for "dry," but its creators facetiously named this fruity, sweet concoction with a sense of humor.

BEST PERFORMANCE: Grand Marnier (\$36), Napoleon's favorite

9. CHARACTER: VERMOUTH

ACTS LIKE: Lilith

BIO: The "other" ingredient in martinis and manhattans, this sharp-talking essential bar mixer is a fortified wine made with innumerable botanicals, including herbs, spices, flowers and seeds. Both dry and sweet versions are essentials for any decent bar. A delicate kiss of dry white vermouth is all you need to make a classic dry martini, while a shot of sweet red vermouth balances the heat of the bourbon in a manhattan.

BEST PERFORMANCE: Noilly Pratt Extra Dry (\$12) and Martini & Rossi Rosso (\$9)

10. FAVORITE EPISODES: You'd be surprised how limited your possibilities become without splashes of tonic, cola, ginger ale, lemon/lime soda, seltzer water and club soda. What's the difference between club soda and seltzer? Salt. Club adds it for flavor.

11. JUICY MOMENTS: You could generally mix any fruit juice with any spirit and call it a cocktail, but classic recipes call for five staples: orange, grapefruit, cranberry, tomato and pineapple. To avoid carton upon carton clogging your fridge, hoard tiny individual serving cans instead.

12. FINISHING TOUCHES: Many drink recipes call for a pinch of this, a dash of that. These tiny flavor enhancers can make all the difference between a vodka with tomato juice and a Bloody Mary, or a scotch and vermouth and a Rob Roy. Rose's lime juice, Angostura bitters, Tabasco, Worcestershire, horseradish, cocktail olives, onions, cherries. The most important of the lot: Rose's lime juice, because it's used to flavor innumerable drinks. Just remember: if you use real limes instead of Rose's, add sugar.

Got Pull?

Now that you've mastered last month's Push Workout, it's time to turn things around and work your back **BY JORDAN MATUS**

When's the last time you took a good look at your back? Let's face it: unless you've got some provocatively angled mirrors set up in your bedroom, chances are it's pretty close to never. That's unfortunate, because out of sight really does mean out of mind when it comes to this all-important area of the body, and neglecting your back during your workouts can lead to severe injury.

Luckily, this month's Pull Workout

contains all the back exercises you'll ever need, plus movements to bulk up your biceps and tighten your abs. Just like last month's Push Workout, these exercises are designed so that each one leads into the next.

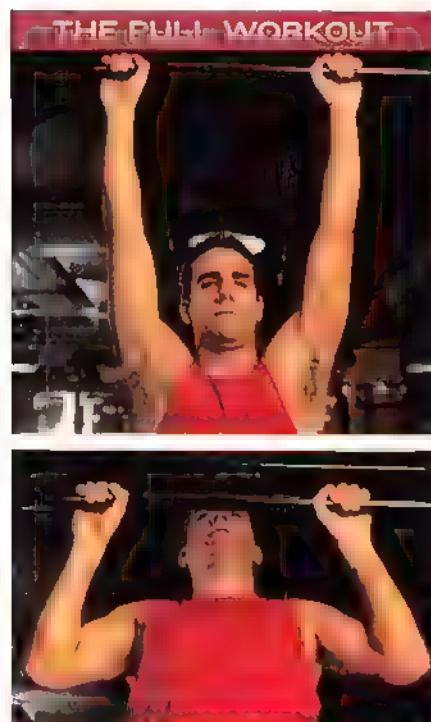
As you start working the upper back with these pulls, you're also warming up your biceps. By the time you reach for the dumbbells for rotation curls, the biceps are primed for explosive growth. Finishing up with ab work is an excellent way to

end any workout, and it balances out the lower-back exercises.

Again, just like last month, vary these exercises when you begin to feel bored. Jeff Horowitz, master trainer with Washington Sports Clubs in Washington, D.C., says that dumbbells, barbells and weight machines each stress your muscles in a slightly different way, which means alternating between the three is the best way to bulk up. And knowing alternatives to each exercise is also a good way to keep

the workout moving, even when the gym is packed. Remember: there's no excuse for not working out, especially with a Pull Workout that should take no longer than 45 minutes to complete.

Fitness writer Jordan Matus has serious pull at P.O.V.



EXERCISE WIDE-GRIP PULL-UPS

WORKS: UPPER BACK, BICEPS

Grasp the overhead bar with as wide a grip as is comfortable, palms facing away from you. Your hands should be at least shoulder-width apart. Arch your back and tilt your chest slightly upward, then pull yourself up, aiming to touch your collarbone to the bar. For proper form, imagine you're almost trying to touch your elbows together behind your back at the top of the lift. Slowly return to starting position, and repeat. Horowitz cautions against touching the back of your neck to the bar—it puts a lot of strain on your rotator cuffs.

ALTERNATIVES: Lat pull-downs

The Rules: Do 2-3 sets of 8-12 repetitions for each of the following exercises, and don't allow yourself to rest more than 90 seconds between each set. Of course, this workout will work best when used on alternating sessions with last month's Push Workout, which works your chest, shoulders and triceps. If any of these motions cause sharp pain, stop immediately and ask a trainer to show you what you're doing wrong.

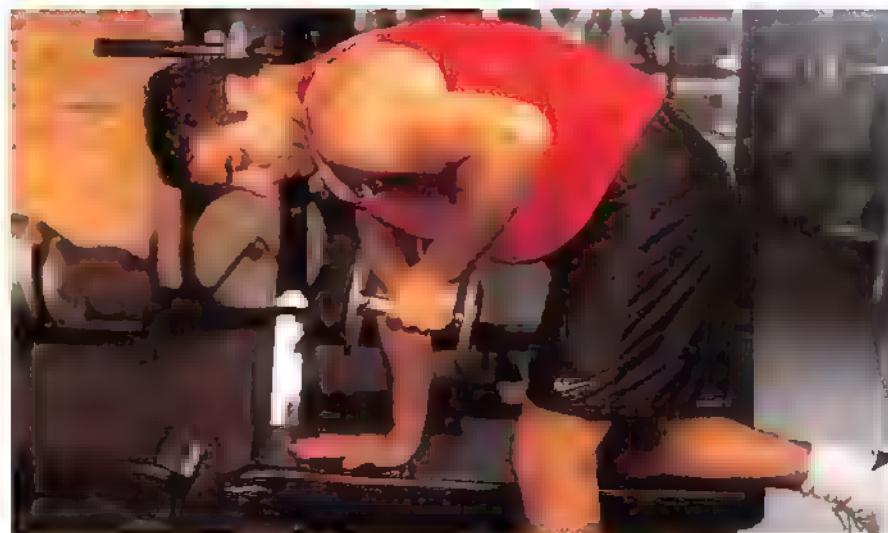


EXERCISE BENT-OVER DUMBBELL ROWS

WORKS: LATS, BICEPS

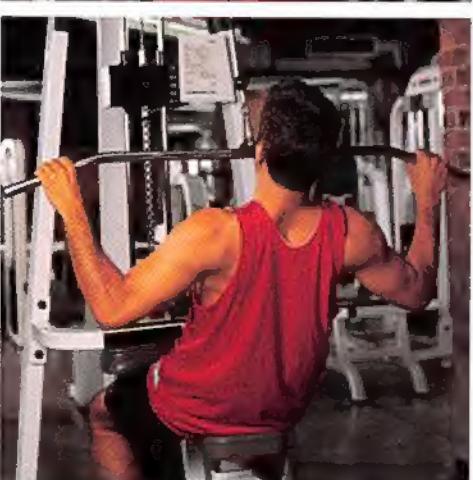
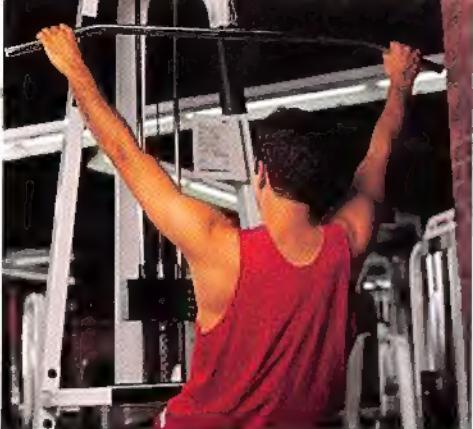
Find a knee-high bench and rest a dumbbell on the ground next to it. Rest your right hand on the bench, your right knee bent slightly in front of you and your left leg back and to the side, so your upper body is parallel to the floor. Grip the dumbbell in your left hand and slowly pull straight up to the side of your chest, touching your lower ribs. Don't rotate your back or allow your arm to swing as you're doing this. Now return to the starting position and repeat. After you've done a set with your left hand, reverse the position of your legs and hands and do a set with the right hand.

ALTERNATIVES: Rowing machine, seated cable rows



STEVEN FREEMAN PHOTOGRAPHED AT P.O.V.'S, NYC





EXERCISE: TRIANGLE BAR PULLDOWNS
WORKS: UPPER BACK AND BICEPS
Sit at the pulldown machine and reach up to grip the long angular bar that forces your palms to be parallel and to tilt inward. Lean back slightly, at about a twenty-degree angle. Arch your back and tilt your chest upward slightly as you bring the bar down to your chest. Hold for a few seconds, then slowly return to the starting position. Repeat.

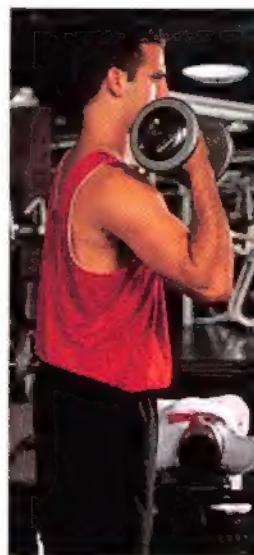
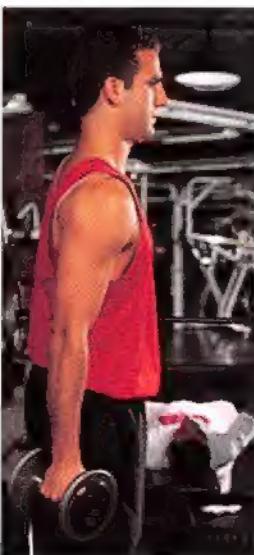
ALTERNATIVES: Narrow-grip pull-ups (palms facing you).



EXERCISE: SUPERMANS
WORKS: LOWER BACK

Lay facedown on the floor, with your arms out in front of you as if you're flying. Simultaneously (and slowly) lift your legs, arms and chest four or five inches off the surface, curling up backwards. This position puts your lower back in a slight hyperextension, which you should hold for three seconds, then return to the starting position and repeat.

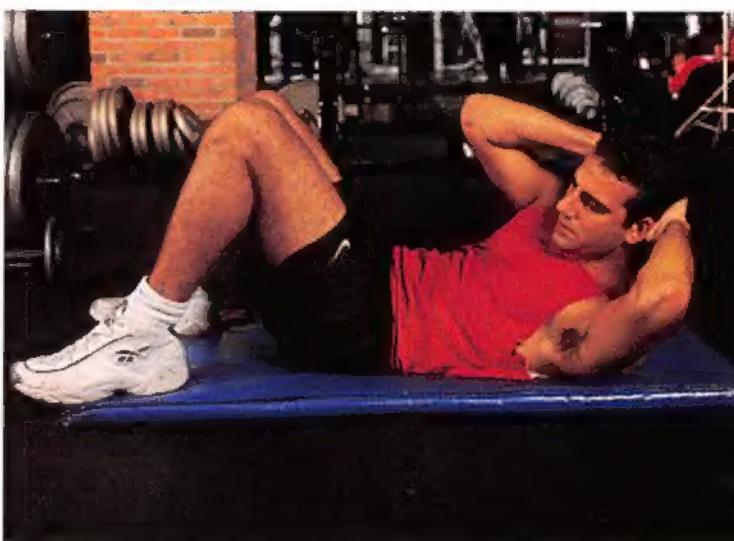
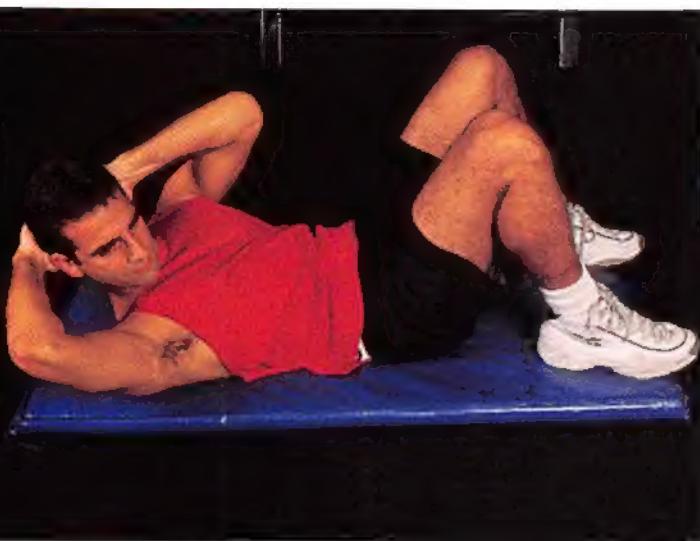
ALTERNATIVES: Back extension machine



EXERCISE: ALTERNATING ROTATION DUMBBELL CURLS
WORKS: BICEPS

Stand straight with your feet shoulder-width apart. Hold the dumbbells by your side, your palms facing as far downward as feels comfortable. Make sure your head is up and your knees slightly bent. Now, keeping your elbow close to your side, slowly curl the right dumbbell upward, gradually rotating your hand toward your body so that the palm faces up at the top of the curl. Return to the starting position as if rewinding your previous motion, gradually rotating your palm in the opposite direction. Repeat the same motion with your left hand.

ALTERNATIVES: Barbell curls, curling machine



EXERCISE: AB WORK
WORKS: ABDOMINALS

You know how to do regular crunches, right? Well, try doing the same motion with your legs straight and lifted off the ground. Horowitz says this double whammy works both your lower and upper abs simultaneously. Then try the crossover crunch. Lie on your back in the regular crunch position, your feet flat on the ground and about hip-width apart. Rest your fingertips behind your

head for stability. Curl your torso upward (making sure you don't allow your arms to provide any extra momentum), raising your shoulder blades off the ground. At the top of the curl, twist slightly toward your left knee. Hold for half a second, then slowly return to the starting position. Do the exact same thing again, but this time twist toward your right knee when you're at the top of the curl. Repeat until exhausted. And keep in mind that ten minutes of ab exercises a day is enough for most people.

Get Nailed

It's not just for ladies anymore: a good manicure marks you as a man whose concern for his appearance extends all the way to his fingertips. **BY BRIAN DAWSON**

I'm always putting my fingers where they don't belong: in my mouth. I'm a chronic nail biter, treating my fingertips like a plate of buffalo wings. Jael Freedman takes one look at my mangled digits and recoils in mock horror. "What a mess!" she proclaims.

"You know, if you got your nails done on a regular basis, you wouldn't bite them as much."

Perhaps. But plump grandmothers get their nails done. Daffy blondes with nails the color of ripe tomatoes get them done. What sort of a man marches into a salon for that most feminine of treatments, a manicure? Well, my sort, for one. I'm sit-



LOOKING GOOD

ting across a small table from Freedman, a manicurist at Neal's The Hair Studio in Baltimore's quaint Mount Vernon section, watching as she places a soft towel under my hands and prepares to turn my gnarled nails into a pair of high-fives worth admiring. She knows that men's skittishness about manicures lingers. "But they're getting over it," she says. "I have a lot of clients who are professional men, and they need to look good. Your nails matter."

Freedman begins by sanding the undersides of my nails with a fine file. She files straight across the top; filing too far down the sides can cause hangnails. She makes a quick sweep with a buffer (even finer than the file, it feels like packing foam), and then it's into the drink: a warm, soothing soap-and-water mix that relaxes the fingertips and cleans off any filing dust. Yes, I am soaking in it—and much to my surprise, I'm loving it. Freedman notices. "Men should be more into pampering than they are," she says. "It's important for the soul."

Next comes cuticle remover, a soft lotion that loosens the sticky skin covering the half-moons at the base of my nails. Freedman expertly trims the cuticles with sharp, precise snips from a small tool called a cuticle nipper. This both facilitates healthy nail growth and makes the nails more attractive.

She cleans under my grubby nails—"very important, both for health and appearance," she notes. "Who knows where your fingers have been?"—and then works me over with a luxurious hand massage before applying nail oil for nourishment. Finally, she buffs me again, giving my nails a smooth matte finish.

That's it. In 30 minutes, my nails have been transformed

Rx FOR YOUR BIG FOOT

You've seen the commercials: "Dare to be bare!" a lovely female voice-over commands, as various fresh-scrubbed folks sling their footsie around for the camera. They are touting the virtues of a little prescription pill called Lamisil, which promises to leave your nails gleaming and fungus-free.

You get nail fungus wherever you get athlete's foot (the gym and the shower are common culprits), as it's essentially the same thing. It looks awful, thickening and discoloring the nail; in the worst cases, the nail can fall off entirely. Enter Lamisil. Introduced in 1996 by Swiss pharmaceutical giant Novartis, Lamisil is quite simply "the most effective anti-fungal medication ever created," says Michael Adler, a dermatologist in Portland, Oregon.

Lamisil has only mild side effects (such as headache and upset stomach) and it's as easy as aspirin: generally a two-month daily dose for fingernails, three months for toenails. Many insurance companies consider nail treatment cosmetic; thus, they'll no more cover Lamisil than they will your girlfriend's rhinoplasty. No matter. Approximately \$250 for the entire fingernail treatment is a small price to pay compared to leaving your creeping crud untreated. "The passage of time," Adler warns ominously, "favors the fungus."

—B.D.



from ten ugly ducklings to ten perfect tens. I can feel my fingers breathing. I vow never to cannibalize my nails again. I want them to look and feel this good all the time.

That's easily accomplished—caring for your nails between manicures is a simpleton's task. "Do nothing," Freedman says. "Just leave them alone." She, of course, recommends biweekly nail treatment (running between \$10 and \$30, depending on the salon's froufrou factor). Since you probably don't even do the dishes that often, here's a more likely plan, akin to monkey see, monkey do: get a professional manicure once and then get your own gear—you can procure everything you need for less than \$30 at any drugstore. In your own home no one will see you pampering your nails. Everyone, however, will notice the results: clean, well-manicured nails that are the exclamation point to the well-groomed man.

Assistant Editor Brian Dawson is considering getting a bikini wax next.



Boy Toys

Feeling like you've lost control in the bedroom? **TOMMY LEONARDI** and **SHERI DE BORCHGRAVE** get down to the fundamentals of fun and games in bed.



My girlfriend and I have a good sex life, but recently she's tried to introduce toys into our relationship. I'm not really into them, and I'm wondering: Am I being a prude, or should I go along with the game?

—Mr. Shy Guy

HESAYS: You're not a prude. Actually, you're like many men who, when confronted with sex toys, feel threatened. After all, you probably wonder why a woman would need a substitute for the real deal. Want to know what I think? Get over it—and

LOVE & SEX quick. There's a good reason why bedroom gadgets are called "toys": they're supposed to be fun. And that's all your girlfriend wants. "Yeah, but why now?" you ask. Consider three scenarios.

Best case: Your lovemaking blows your girlfriend away and has taken her to new levels of ecstasy and satisfaction. She is so turned on by you and feels so comfortable with you that she's now game for anything in the sexual arena. You've unleashed a level of sexual creativity in her that she never knew she had.

Worst case: Your sweetie is too embarrassed to tell you that you're not ringing her bell. And pulling out the reinforcements is her indirect way of telling you just that. Needless to say, you had better pick up the pace in terms of applying the foreplay skill set.

Most likely case: Your girlfriend has already had plenty of experience with sexual toys—whether shared or alone. No matter. You should count your blessings for having snared a woman who is this comfortable with her own sexuality.

My advice: If your hottie trusts you enough to introduce sex toys, then you should not only participate but contribute. Go to your local Sex Toys "R" Us, or shop online for a plaything or two. If you're too squeamish to make such overt purchases, take a hint from the many women who have confessed to me that they often shop for more than just lettuce in the produce section of the local supermarket.

SHE SAYS: Interjecting toys into the tricky turn-on equation can certainly stoke insecurities. What is she saying, that the sight of your body isn't enough to fire her up? Just as gals recoil when guys pull out the porn collection, you males are put off when we whip out the stash of playthings, particularly if any of them resemble your most precious body part and come with batteries.

By hauling out extra gear, she could just be telling you (indirectly) that your routine needs a little retooling. The trusty three-position maneuver just doesn't deliver that gushy feeling that it once did, and now she's running with the ball, making a play to bring on some fresh approaches. Light experimentation with blindfolds, Velcro handcuffs or other creative restraining and spanking devices can electrify the act by adding a frisson of fear. But if her toys threaten you, pull out a few of your own: innovative lingerie (for her), an instructional sex video, a camcorder or even a can of Cool Whip and some berries. See if she'll play your games.

Still feeling queasy? Try a simple approach for starters: ask her to pop an Altoid before she kisses you below the belt. Such subtle game playing can lead to more aggressive experimentation as you both get more excited and comfortable with each other. That's really what this is about: being com-

fortable. You need to decide how much you're willing to do and how uninhibited you can be to please her.

If classic S&M gear—whips, chains, clips and paddles—is what she has invested in, you might be facing a rude departure into a new terrain. Unlike plain-vanilla bondage, which most women tire of after a few nights, a hardcore approach is probably something that could last a while. So find out what she has in mind. Then it's time to decide whether to go for full-blown involvement—or a new girlfriend.



Tommy Leonardi and Sheri de Borchgrave are P.O.V.'s under-the-sheets experts. Questions? E-mail to sex@povmag.com, or write to 56 West 22nd Street, New York, NY 10010, Attn: Love & Sex. Names/addresses will be kept confidential.

Good Sport

Christine explains that to get the girl, you need to dress smart, plan ahead—and, sadly, skip *Monday Night Football* now and then.

Christine, 25, is a foundation proposal officer from Bloomington, Illinois, who is returning to law school this fall.

On the first look, what gets your attention about a man's appearance?

Clothes that fit right. This isn't college any more, so take off the baseball cap—it makes you look like you're hiding. Try wearing some colors, put an outfit together. And don't just wear everything baggy. I like V-necks and shirts that are open at the collar. And microfiber shirts fit the form without being too tight. Men who really know how to wear suits look great—if they are tailor-made, with a classic tie, they are stylish without being flashy. If clothes fit like they should, you will look put together and you don't even have to have a great body for that.

What clothing should guys avoid?

Anything mesh and short shorts. I'm not a fan of the white-socks-and-loafer look either. I like a guy to be well-groomed, but there's a fine line with personal grooming. It's vital to have a recent haircut, shave, keep your nails clean and look tucked in. But you need to have balance—a lot of intense hair-care products make you look shiny and sticky. If you're too preened, primped or tanned, you can look plastic.

Is there a fail-safe way to compliment a woman?

First of all, avoid any T-and-A comments. Instead, comment on her outfit: say you like her suit or shirt, that she looks put together, or that she's a good dresser. It makes a woman feel like she has style and looks good and it's not just about physical appearance. And it's huge if you notice that she got a new haircut.

Are there any absolutely taboo conversation topics on a date?

There is never any reason to talk about past relationships. That's only a source of bad exchange. It either says you're not

over her and saps my self-confidence, or if you bad-mouth her, it's completely disrespectful and unattractive.

Is there any way to ensure a date goes well?

The best dates definitely involve some preparation, creativity and planning. It's so flattering when you know a guy has spent time crafting the perfect series of activities. I love to do things outside—spend a day skiing, at the beach or hiking, go on a short road trip. I also like a guy who's not afraid to try something new or totally out of the ordinary, like swing dancing, a quirky art film, a new jazz club. One of my favorite dates was climbing up an abandoned oil pump/water tower with a date. It was rickety and filthy, but the view of the stars and the country at night was spectacular and incredibly romantic.

Without a doubt, the worst date is when a guy picks you up and has no idea about what he wants to do. And right behind that is the proverbial dinner and a movie. Indecision is unattractive. I want to go out with someone who has no shortage of creative ideas.

How should guys strike a balance between sports and relationships?

We both have to compromise so not every Saturday afternoon is spent in front of the TV. I've become a huge Chicago Bulls fan and now have fun watching sports—but on a limited

time-commitment level. If a guy wants to get his date interested, don't treat her like she's stupid if she doesn't know the vocabulary of the game. Instead, the guy should explain what's happening, the strategy behind it and answer questions. In general, though, guys have to recognize that in order to have a successful relationship, they have to be interested in other things—they can't be obsessive. I want to be with someone who's interested in many different things—travel, the political situation in Africa, theater—not just the NFL draft.

